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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 433

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Merrily We Roll Along, 436
Councils of Perfection, 437
Purloined Americans, 438

A Brief History of Bohemia, by
Malcolm Cowley, 439
The Origin of the State: I, by
Robert H. Lowie, 440
The Adjustable Jew, by Louis
Untermeyer, 442
Conversation in a Garden, by Lin-
coln Colcord, 443
Letters From a Cousin: VIII, by
Gilbert Cannan, 445

MISCELLANY, 447

MUSIC

Notes on Musical Criticism, by
Alex Mackendrick, 448

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"Truth Crushed to Earth —,"
by C. H. Ibershoff, 449; The
Irish Election, by A. Reilly,
449; "The Hairy Ape," by
Louis Baur, 449; In Reply
to Mr. Stearns, by Joseph L.
Tynan, 449; Colour in Kill-
ing, by Charles P. Fagnani,
449

BOOKS

The Confessions of James Joyce,
by Mary M. Colum, 450
The Science of Uncertainty, by
Gertrude Besse King, 452
Roads of Doubt, by Phillips Rus-
sell, 453
Shorter Notices, 454

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 454

CURRENT COMMENT.

It was with great satisfaction and some astonishment that we read a remarkable editorial entitled "Economics and Politics," in the *Financial Chronicle* of 17 June. We have seldom seen a better expression of our own views than in this paper, which has come to be known in certain quarters as the Bible of Wall Street. We especially like our contemporary's outspokenness. It says plainly that economics and politics will not mix; that politics, if at all necessary, is secondary; and that the only political law that can stand, is one which "aligns itself accurately and completely with the natural economic law (none does or can) and then there is no need of the political law, since the economic law is the first and the stronger." The editorial asks, moreover, "Is not the chief trouble of the world to-day that politics seeks to control economics everywhere, and as fast as such control is established, we find that what is done must be undone?"

THAT is something like. We offer our respects to the Bible of Wall Street, and beg to say that if it goes on proclaiming the message of grace at this rate, its unregenerate readers are not going to the bowwows for lack of light. "There has never been a tariff-law that could stand, and there never will be one until there is none at all." Nothing that this paper ever said in behalf of the free-trade principle, and we have said a good deal, can beat that. To illustrate its thesis, the *Financial Chronicle* takes up the Versailles treaty, the Sherman law and trade unionism, and forks out a line of homiletics on these texts that ought to fill the mourner's bench all the way from Broad Street to the doors of Trinity Church. If this sort of thing keeps up, this paper will before long have to go down to Wall Street and take a few lessons in editorial-writing.

THE great railway-strike seems to be fizzling out, as we expected it would; and it is a fair guess that the boys will go back to work, with the exception of those who are judiciously weeded out, and meekly accept what the powers above choose to give them. The strike is a fair example of labour-strategy as conducted by Commander-in-Chief Gompers. The wage-reductions included most of the lower paid railway-workers. The aristocrats of the profession, such as the engineers and the conductors, were not included in the downward revision. It is to be presumed that their turn will come later. Under the

circumstances, they were permitted to remain neutral and aloof while the lesser brethren struggled against the decree of the Labour Board. But Mr. Gompers's strategy did not even contemplate the elementary plan of having all those affected walk out together. First, 400,000 shopmen quit work; then, in a few days, it was supposed that 400,000 maintenance-of-way men would add their weight to the protest. This delay afforded the Labour Board an opportunity to give the leaders of this second division a hint of compromise, and in consequence their movement was postponed indefinitely while the unfortunate shock-troops of shopmen were left to face alone the destructive fire of the Labour Board and the railway-managers, while being enflamed by the newspaper machine-guns. We have heard much in professional labour-circles of the necessity for labour presenting a solid front. Apparently Mr. Gompers prefers that it should present a fluid front.

It was interesting to note how quickly the Railway Labour Board took advantage of the opportunity to read the striking shopmen clear out of American society. These men, the Board pointed out, were striking, not against private employers, but against the Government. They deserved no consideration whatever. Their walk-out was an "outlaw" strike. This was exactly the expected procedure and it made very impressive reading in the newspapers. Indeed its impressiveness was not in the least diminished by Commander-in-Chief Gompers's prompt burst of tears and his sorrowful characterization of the Board's attitude as "bolshevism." If we recall correctly, Mr. Gompers and his associate labour-generals were all for having railway-wages adjusted by a Government tribunal, instead of by arrangement between the men and the employers; so, under the circumstances, his position would seem all the more humiliating. One wonders what the veteran tactician really expected such a political organization to represent?

NERVOUS citizens have been expressing much concern since the war, lest within the next few decades we be overwhelmed by a rush of immigrants from Europe, eager to share in the blessings and emoluments of our superior civilization. We think this menace will be wholly dissipated if the Government will print in pamphlet form President Harding's speeches, delivered during his recent Old Home Week excursion in Ohio, and have them distributed to our European consuls for circulation among prospective immigrants. We would suggest reproducing in bold-face type the President's address to the American Legion at Canton, which, we think, would effectively check the inflow of aliens for the next fifty years. "So long as the American Legion is consecrated to the preservation of the Constitution and the maintenance of law and order in this republic," declared Mr. Harding, "the United States of America is everlastingly secure. . . . In your hands is the destiny of the next half century in America." We do not pretend, and neither, we are sure, would he, that Mr. Harding is infallible, but in this case he may be a true prophet. If we are in for a half century of bonuses, terrorism and intolerance, the odds are ten to one that long before the expiration of that period, it will be not the immigration-problem but the emigration-problem that will chiefly disturb us.

PROBABLY the President, in his speech at Muskingum College, did not mean to advocate the establishment of communism in the United States, but we fear that some of his puzzled hearers may have received that impression. He pictured America as the fine social flower of all the ages; and in our American life, as he described it, the chief reward is an altruistic sense of service. "The greatest compensation that comes to heart and to soul is the thought that in your life you have somehow, somewhere been of service to your fellows and your common country." In contrast, he presents the undeveloped Russian peasant. The Russian famine, according to Mr. Harding, will continue; because, without the incentive for personal gain, the Russian peasant will plant only enough for his own use. The ignorant *muzhik* apparently is not inspired, as we Americans are, by the superior compensations of the sense of service. From this a logician might gather that we ought to swap economic systems with Russia. Yet in another sentence Mr. Harding pointed out that we have the finest social order in the world, which he intimated was imposed on us by divine wisdom, and it must be maintained without change to the end of time. Taken all in all, these utterances are a bit difficult to reconcile and assimilate. Captious persons complain about the amount of time Mr. Harding spends on the links, but there are times, we confess, when we wish he might devote himself exclusively to golf.

THE tragic death of Dr. Rathenau and that of Sir Henry Wilson have set up in our mind a course of reflections on violence. It never seemed to us that the policy of the terrorists is a sound one, and we are unable to see that any good ever came from it to anyone. Killing a Foreign Minister or a Field Marshal is as ineffectual as killing a policeman, for his place is immediately taken by another who is precisely like him. We ourselves disbelieve in violence; but if the policy must be tried out, we think it is sheer silliness to direct it against mere executives. It should be directed against those who control these executives. This is plain good sense. It might have been salutary, though we do not think so, to lynch the congressmen who voted for a declaration of war in 1917; it would probably have been more sensible to lynch the bankers who put out the first entangling loan to the Allies; but to lynch General Pershing or Mr. Bryan would have been the height of stupidity.

WE have always been glad that the United States managed to get through the turmoil of these last few years without any miserable misadventures of this kind, notwithstanding that the provocations to them were, and still are, many and great. We would like to believe that this is an evidence, though ever so slight, that our citizens are taking a less personal view of politics. In fact, we think that all in all, this country has exhibited as good instincts and spirit as any in the world. It behaved with admirable self-restraint under the anarchical misfeasances of the very worst set of men, probably, that ever were banded together in a Government since the Middle Ages; and then on election day, it booted them up against the face of the shrinking moon. Another drove came in, and the people waited patiently, quietly, while they had their chance; they had it, lost it, and now at the first opportunity, the people are slugging them, one after another, with deadly force and accuracy.

IN doing this, the people are of course merely doing the obvious thing, and it ends in futility, since one Administration is for practical purposes precisely like another. But the spirit is good, the instinct is sound, and that is what interests us. The people have faith in their own institutions and are willing to give them a long and patient try-out; and this is ever so much better than a policy of plots, vendettas and assassinations. This spirit is the best guarantee of ultimate improvement in the social order. It opens the way to the discovery of flaws in social institutions; and, by discovery, to their amend-

ment. Granted that in voting Democrats out, Republicans in, and vice versa, the people are doing the obvious and ineffectual thing, and that this is all they know how to do; yet the process itself is educative, for after it has gone on for a while it reveals what is wrong with party-government, and ultimately it reveals what is wrong with all politics. When one thinks of it, the advance which popular thought has made in these directions during the past few years is very considerable; and the spirit and temper which the people have displayed while making this rigorous test of their institutions, has greatly conduced to that advance.

As this issue goes to press, it looks as if the economic catastrophe which has long since overtaken Austria as a result of the work of the Allied wisecracks at Versailles, were about to engulf Germany as well. There is nothing surprising in this, save, perhaps, the fact that the collapse has been so long in coming. The immediate causes of the crisis appear to have been the assassination of the Foreign Minister, Dr. Rathenau, and the request of the Allied Guarantee Commission that the Reichsbank cease to support the mark by throwing dollars and pounds on the markets. These two events have combined to send the mark to a new low level; but they represent only the superficial causes of the depression; the real cause, of course, is the reparations-demands of the Allies. The German Government, it is said, has enough gold to pay the July instalment, but no more; and with the mark steadily sinking it will be unable to buy enough foreign money to meet the August instalment. In short, the reparations-payments can not be met, a complete collapse of German money is imminent, the Allied Guarantee Commission has reported to the Reparations Commission that the German Government is insolvent, and it is reported that Allied observers in Germany expect a social revolution; and indeed, from the recent reports of political agitation, strikes, and general unrest, such a revolution would seem to be already under way.

THUS, Mr. Lloyd George's warning at Genoa of the danger to the world from the "pauper States" of Europe, seems about to be justified; and hence it is not surprising to hear that our British cousins are busily burnishing their weapons in preparation for an emergency. No doubt the French legions, African and native, are doing likewise. Meanwhile the German Government has sent a commission to Paris to request a moratorium of the Reparations Commission, and to ask for a reconvention of the Morgan bankers' committee. The event is in the hands of the French Government, apparently. If it should change its attitude towards a moratorium, the present German Government and the treaty of Versailles may yet be underwritten by American investors—and hence, as this paper has already remarked, by the United States army and navy. Of course, even should the French Government consent to a moratorium, Mr. Morgan's committee may yet decide that it is too late for a loan to be made with safety; that the German political situation is too explosive to warrant their taking any chances on it. For the sake of the American people as well as the people of Germany, it is to be hoped that the committee, if it should be reconvened, will so decide.

UNLESS the impending catastrophe be deferred by some such means as this, the present German Government seems bound to collapse; and indications are that it would be succeeded by one of the two extremist groups, the Monarchists or the Communists. Since both of these groups are in favour of scrapping the Versailles treaty, it is likely that an invasion of the country would follow, either by France alone, or by France and Great Britain together. In spite of the horrors that must necessarily accompany such an invasion, it seems the only thing, in the circumstances, worth hoping for; for when the Allied troops arrived, they would find the German cupboard bare. They might, of course, settle down and set the

German people to work out their sentence at the point of the bayonet; but we should dislike to contemplate the effect of such a policy on industry in the Allied countries, which is already being kept alive chiefly by pulmotor. An invasion of Germany would simply afford dramatic and expensive proof of the fact that has been plain to anyone but a politician for three years, that the treaty of Versailles is unworkable and that the only hope for Europe lies in the scrapping of the treaty and the cancellation of all existing international obligations.

If the way out of the impasse created by the treaty must be through revolution and invasion, it will undoubtedly involve great suffering and hardship for the German people. Yet they themselves have a proverb which fits the situation: *Besser ein Ende mit Schrecken als ein Schrecken ohne Ende* (better an end with horror than horror without end). While the German people must support the disabilities placed upon them by the treaty of Versailles, they will be obliged to suffer horror without end, and an American loan would only prolong that horror; it would not relieve it. What the German people suffer, the other peoples of Europe must share, in greater or less degree. The mark, in its recent downward plunge, carried other European exchanges along with it. To quote Sir George Paish, the only person commenting on this crisis, as far as we know, who has talked anything resembling sense, "The financial destruction of Germany means the financial destruction of France and the impoverishment of Europe for an indefinite period. . . . Isn't it time the Entente policy towards Germany was reversed and effective steps taken to preserve the European nations from the disastrous effects of the policy hitherto pursued?" It is high time indeed. The Allied Governments will have to decide sooner or later whether they will allow Germany to recover or whether they will be dragged to ruin with her; and the sooner they are forced to meet the issue, the better.

"ONE nation," remarked the chairman of the London City and Midland Bank recently, "can not be broken up or impoverished so as to destroy its ability to function, without throwing the entire [international] machine out of gear. If Russia fails to buy tea in China or India, our eastern market for cottons is narrowed, the United States will sell less raw cotton to us, and our shipping, banking and insurance business is impaired." When it comes to matters of international trade, British bankers and business men know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw. It is unfortunate for our commercial prosperity that we are not more plentifully supplied with commercial leaders of the same type, for it would be a salutary thing to have one of them stand up in meetin' next time Mr. Hoover gives one of his characteristic impromptus on the unimportance of Russian trade, and set forth a few plain facts in the matter. If Mr. Hoover tried to tell an organization of British business men that Russian trade was not worth encouraging, because before the war it had formed but a small percentage of their direct imports and exports, he would speedily find himself in a position of splendid mental isolation. It is curious that having lived so much of his adult life on English soil, Mr. Hoover apparently absorbed so little of the country's commercial acumen.

So often have we been informed on the highest official authority that somehow or other the Russian peasant could not make seeds grow into grain unless his Government mended the error of its ways and recalled the landlords to rule over his fields, that the current news about the prospective Russian grain-crop comes as a distinct shock. For some weeks American correspondents in Russia have been sending out rumours of a marked improvement in the agricultural situation. Now comes an official Russian estimate placing the grain-crops of this year at a minimum of three and a half billion poods. This is about a third of the yield of 1912, a period when Russia had a considerably larger territory and fifty per

cent more population than it has now; and considering the reduced area shown in consequence of the famine in the Volga regions, it is an encouraging showing. In this connexion there is significance in Mr. Walter Duranty's recent cable-message to the *New York Times* from Moscow, that "the internal policy of Russia is tending to be based more and more on the peasantry." Moscow realizes, he asserts, that "if the peasants are prosperous, the prosperity of the rest of the community is bound to follow." This seems to be good law and good gospel. Now that the peasant has something to work for in his own right, there is no reason to doubt that he will do his faithful best provided the Government has sense enough to keep off his back. With railway-reorganization at last under way, and a fair harvest, Russia may return to productivity sooner than our pessimistic Mr. Hughes anticipates.

FROM State Department circles in Washington, which usually have an oversupply of information about the Russian army, comes the familiar news that Trotzky is massing his communist hordes on the Polish and Rumanian borders. As a result, the anonymous diplomats of the Department's Tsarist Division are speculating alarmingly on the possibility that Trotzky and his Red army may suddenly burst through the border States and overwhelm Europe. We suspect that during this period of heat and lassitude, few persons outside of the credulous news-writers stationed at Washington will pay much attention to this thrice-told tale. Probably the Russians are watching their borders thoughtfully just now, but the speculations from Washington characteristically omit the reason for the military precautions. Somehow they fail to note that the Russian Government recently invited the Governments of the border States to a conference to arrange for a general cutting-down of military forces, and, after an interval, the border States unanimously declined to consider any such pacific move.

It is generally understood that the gentle M. Poincaré, whose Russian policy so closely approximates that of our own Mr. Hughes, was the moving spirit behind this refusal. Probably if some of the high diplomats who have been expressing such concern over the size of the Russian army, had chosen to bring some pressure to bear on the border States, a useful paring down of armaments would have resulted; but apparently these gentlemen wanted all the disarmament to be on one side. As long as M. Poincaré and his allies—and associates—elect to back militarism in Poland, Rumania, Finland and other border countries, it is probable that Mr. Trotzky will keep an adequate and well-armed force of watchmen along the border lines.

OUR excellent English contemporary, *Foreign Affairs*, appears this month in a new form, somewhat enlarged but not otherwise improved, because improvement in its regular quality is not easily possible. It is "a journal of international understanding," edited with great ability and commanding the services of most eminent contributors. Thoughtful Americans have pretty well learned the important truth that in politics there is no such thing as foreign affairs; foreign affairs are domestic affairs. We have found, with a vengeance. This lesson has cost us a lot of money, and we are still paying, though a little ruefully at not having learned it sooner and cheaper.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG.

SPEAKING at a garden party at Columbus the other day, Mr. Harding gave voice to his now familiar plaint of lack of harmony in the Republican ranks. The President sets great store by harmony; possibly there may be a connexion between this and the old days when young Warren Gamaliel played the slide-trombone in the village band at Marion. We are confident that Mr. Harding would never, never have tooted the trombone while Rome was burning, but it is plain that he believes in the dynamic quality of music, and thinks that a smart bit of political harmony might carry one's party through a gloomy and distressing situation. There seems to be no end of discord in the surrounding political ether at present, and Mr. Harding is obviously disturbed by it.

In his talk he declared that the Republican organization ought to go along on the wings of harmony like a successful glee club. This is an engaging figure. We feel sure that some of the Administration's singers have been doing their best, though the audience has not always displayed entire responsiveness; and we are inclined to take up the cudgels for them. Surely Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover have put a great deal of fervour into that old favourite, whose charm is so clearly designed to soothe the savage breast of the Russian Bolsheviki:

You can't have any of our peanuts,
When your peanuts are gone!

Again, the Secretary of Labour and the Secretary of Commerce have struggled valiantly with:

I've been working on the railroad,
All the livelong day,

—with an effective chorus by the Railway Labour Board; and what could be more affecting than the rendition by Messrs. McCumber and New of that pathetic ballad entitled "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground"?

Yet, as Mr. Harding pointed out, there are cacophonous elements. A number of the gleesters are inclined to ignore the leader, and go wandering off into unauthorized improvisations. They seem unwilling, in Mr. Harding's words, "to sing to measure and score"; and the frustrated director is evidently anxious lest these undisciplined spirits ultimately bust up the show.

The President mentioned no names; but by a curious coincidence, while he was making these reflections out in Ohio, one of the leading Republican baritones in the Senate, Mr. William E. Borah, was giving a shocking exhibition of wilfulness down in Washington. Mr. Borah lifted up his voice and burst into a solo that had no place whatever on the authorized programme. It was a highly unorthodox piece, entirely out of place amidst the homely and familiar melodies beloved by the Administration, and by many generations of political households since the days of the founding fathers. Mr. Borah did not give it a title, but we suspect it might be called "The American Taxpayer's Blues."

Mr. Borah opened with a chanson about the tariff, and the proposed cloture rule by means of which the Administration's leaders desire to jazz the measure through in jig-time with a minimum of debate. Mr. Borah did not perceive any ardent desire on the part of the American people that the passage of this measure be accelerated. In fact, he intimated that there is a growing sentiment in the country for an indefinite debate upon the bill. The tariff was to be followed,

he pointed out, by the passage of the soldiers' bonus, which would saddle four to six billion dollars on the taxpayers, with no provision for raising the money. Changing to the *tempo* of a barcarole, Mr. Borah sang briefly of the proposed bonus to shipowners, which would involve from \$50 million to \$100 million. The new navy-appropriation bill, he pointed out, carried \$328 million for 1923, more than twice the great sum appropriated when our large navy-building programme was started in 1916. Then, to the tune of "Old Black Joe," Senator Borah warbled briefly on the proposed loan of five million dollars to Liberia, and on other details of our centrifugal financial policy. With the sum total of governmental expenditures made under the last Administration, and piling up under the present one, a public debt has been erected which, according to Mr. Borah, it is likely to take us a thousand years to wipe out.

"Not a single one of these propositions upon the programme which is now before us, but draws upon the people for an additional sum," sang the gentleman from Idaho in recitative, *crescendo*, "and weighs upon them in the form of additional taxation, an increase of the obligation to the Government not only by millions but by billions of dollars." Mr. Borah then touched on a little matter about which some of the glee-club boys have been yodelling rather obstreperously of late. This is the alleged Government surplus. Some months ago it looked as if Uncle Sam's income, in spite of his terrific exactions from every one, was falling considerably behind his booming expenditures. Of late the agile figurers of the Treasury Department have been letting it be known that the wastrel Uncle was going to make both ends meet this year after all, and have a few spare millions besides; and as a consequence those unfortunate beings, the Republican editors, have become quite lyrical. The other day we noticed in a local paper which occasionally subordinates intelligence to enthusiasm, a leading editorial yawp headed "A Glorious Achievement"; and for a minute we supposed Mars had been reached by wireless or that at the least, cancer had been conquered. But the editorial merely celebrated the frugality and conservation of Mr. Harding's spenders; and as we read it, we wondered if the persistent profanity of General Dawes had really accomplished that miracle. Senator Borah rudely pointed out that the whole business was a fraud. The expenses have not been cut, but the soaring figures have been met by selling off huge quantities of left-overs from the war—materials, plants, arsenals, camps, land—and posting the items on the books under "income"!

Some statesmen, continued the Senator, modulating into another key, seemed to think we would be able to pay for the billions in bonuses to various privileged groups by collecting (with accrued interest) the ten billions of dollars loaned by us to our late associates in the great struggle to save civilization by killing off one's best customers. In a few brief trills and roudades, Mr. Borah gave descriptions of the financial condition prevailing in some of these countries, and then, as he resumed consideration of the prospects for making our collections, his auditors noted that he did so to the tune of "When the Robins Nest Again."

Finally, Mr. Borah wound up his performance with a lively presentation of a ditty beloved of glee clubs wherever the star-spangled banner still waves—

Oh, the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool!

—and he sang feelingly of the business man at the bank, borrowing money to pay his taxes, while the

politician sports merrily in the pool, splashing the golden waters over himself and his friends.

As soon as Mr. Borah ceased from his unseemly outburst, the Democrats in the Senate rushed over to congratulate him, for they are sincerely desirous of having the Government exercise economy in order that there may be plenty left for them to squander when in the course of nature their turn comes at the public crib. They raised a fervent chorus about Mr. Borah, but his own colleagues on the Republican glee were apparently out of voice. The only Republican antiphon, in fact, came from the indefatigable Senator McCumber, whose rendition of Tosti's "Good-bye" a few days ago was so thoroughly appreciated by the home folks out in North Dakota. It was plain that Mr. McCumber was determined to answer Mr. Borah with effective finality, so that never again would his rash colleague dare to take the floor and disrupt the regular performance.

"God's sunlight is still shining above us," sang Mr. McCumber with that perfect faith which is the quintessence of normalcy; and after this irrefutable rebuke Mr. Borah was silent.

Yet the cloture proposal was beaten. A few other Republican discordants joined Senator Borah and voted it down. For our part it would be idle to pretend sorrow over this outcome. We should not, like Marjorie's turkey, "care a single dam" if the discussion on the tariff-schedules continued until Mr. Mellon's successor in the Treasury had collected the last cent of indebtedness from our late associates in the war. We wish the boys on Capitol Hill all the wind in the world. We hope they will keep talking about it and about, until the whole rascally scheme of raids on our pocketbooks through subsidies, direct and indirect, melts into thin air—thin hot air.

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION.

OF Mr. Hughes as lawyer, politician, officeholder, the public may well have its doubts; but of Mr. Hughes as critic of our educational system, no one need have any doubt. His paper which was read before the National Education Association in Boston, 4 July, commands the highest praise. There is hardly a line in it which does not reflect profound perspicacity and good sense. Not for a long time have we read so clear, so explicit and so radical a statement of the case for educational reform; and since this subject lies nearest our heart, we hope that Mr. Hughes will disregard our misfortune in being opposed to him in most things, and accept our best thanks for his significant service to an important cause.

One who has sensitiveness to that most elusive, most subtle, and most effective thing, the Right Word, must feel immense delight when Mr. Hughes says that "the most pressing need of our day is attention to the organization of American education." There is the whole trouble; American education, with all its endless reach and scope, is not *organized*, it does not bear from beginning to end, and by orderly steps, towards any definite purpose that is, strictly speaking, educational. Mr. Hughes goes on to lay down the principles upon which this organization should proceed. He first pays his respects to the exaggerated concern which for the last thirty years has been displayed towards knowledge that is purely instrumental, dryly remarking the improbability of "any lack of opportunity for vocational education, for the sort of training that will fit men and women to make a living." Then he observes that "democracy can not live by

bread alone. . . . What is needed is to have life more abundantly. . . . the individual life should be enriched with the ampler resources of a wider culture." This, he intimates, is not to be brought about through the communication of any amount of instrumental knowledge, and therefore a system which gives relatively but little play, or a haphazard play, to formative knowledge, and lays its stress most heavily upon instrumental knowledge, is defective; it is, strictly speaking, not organized towards an educational purpose.

The thing is, then, obviously, to consider the due place and proportion of formative knowledge. Here Mr. Hughes is bluntly and courageously explicit. "I am one of those," he says, "who believe in the classical and mathematical training, and I do not think we have found any satisfactory substitute for it." We are at the end of a pretty long period of experimentation with all kinds of substitutes, certainly; and if there is anything in the Scriptural doctrine that a tree may be known by its fruit, one can hardly doubt that Mr. Hughes is right. Instrumental knowledge has had the field to itself, and formative knowledge has been utterly disparaged—there is no doubt about that. But when one looks at the works and ways of those who have been most blessed by instrumental knowledge, one does not find that they represent a more abundant life, but quite the opposite. The substitute is, as Mr. Hughes says, unsatisfactory.

Mr. Hughes's practical suggestion is that the secondary schools and colleges should "stop scattering," and attend to the thorough mastery of a few fundamental and substantial studies and thus lay a basis for subsequent specialization. This is just our idea; we have every sympathy with Mr. Hughes's distaste for the "intellectual vagrancy" which has been so largely encouraged in our colleges. If we had our way, we should set a child to studying Latin, Greek and mathematics at the age of eight. In that process he would learn the use of his own language, and learn it in the best possible way, without specific study. When he could read Latin and Greek in both prose and verse, and make a fair fist at writing them, and had gotten through quadratic equations, we should then put him in a college, if we could find one, which did nothing, and pretended to do nothing, but carry its students over practically the whole range of Latin and Greek literature; mathematics, as far as the differential calculus; formal logic; and a fairly compendious history of English literature. Then, with this equipment, if he wished to become an engineer, a lawyer, an historian, industrialist, banker, chemist, horse-doctor or what not, we should send him jogging along to the university for his special studies. We believe, and we think that not only Mr. Hughes but a majority of practical educators would agree with us, that a youth so trained would have the best chance to make the most of himself, not only in respect of the more abundant life, but of his vocation as well.

The trouble is—and we think that Mr. Hughes perhaps overlooked it—that an education like this is fearfully expensive, and few people can afford it for their children. It presupposes abundance and leisure, and these, under our present economic system, are the property of only a very few. The defects in American education, the defects that Mr. Hughes complains of and that we, too, most heartily deplore, are largely, almost wholly, due to the effort to accommodate education to the circumstances of the immense majority of those who have not abundance and leisure. Of course this effort fails; of course it results in the miserable *Ersatz*-education which so lamentably prevails among

us. Nevertheless, it is not a purposeful or whimsical debasement of educational ideals and standards. Far from it; American education is the best, or almost the best, that can possibly be done under the economic system that supports it. The country has cut the coat of its educational system according to the cloth of its economic system. The coat is a sad botch, but what better could be done?

This economic system has no more uncompromising defender than Mr. Hughes. He has always thrown his influence, authority and endeavours invariably on the side of maintaining the present tight monopoly of abundance and leisure. It is fair to remind him, therefore, that with all our admiration for his counsels, we can not help seeing that as long as this monopoly remains in force, they are only counsels of perfection. Indeed, Mr. Hughes could properly feel no grievance if his words were bitterly resented by millions of people; for here, they might say, is a man who presumes to make a masterly, an unanswerable, plea for the more abundant life, for culture, for spiritual activity, and for the kind of education that promotes them, and yet he does his utmost to make their realization for ever impossible for any but the merest few. The simple fact is that not one-tenth of one per cent of the population of this country could possibly get such an education as Mr. Hughes recommends, not even if all manner of facilities and encouragements stood round them on every hand, because they have not abundance and leisure. They are too poor and too much overworked; and the economic system which deprives them of abundance and leisure, which made them poor and keeps them poor, is one that has the unqualified support of Mr. Hughes.

PURLOINED AMERICANS.

A CASUAL reading of the recent dispatches from Mexico might lead one to the conclusion that that country is seething with disorder and lawlessness. First came the news that the romantic Mr. A. Bruce Bielaski had been kidnapped in the State of Morelos. Two days later came a story that forty other Americans connected with an oil-company in the Tampico region were being held for ransom by a rebel general. The next day our matutinal front pages carried the report of eighty-six more foreigners, including six Americans, connected with a British oil-firm, being similarly captured and held in durance vile by the same band. Fortunately, however, the kidnappings of Americans in Mexico are not always what they seem, and in the past it has appeared that purloined Americans interested in sub-surface Mexican resources have occasionally been observed conducting *pourparlers* with their captors before the event, while in other instances the kidnapping has been effected wholly by press agent. Mexican newspapers and some Mexican officials have been asserting that the current crop of abductions is of this fictitious character, and they seem to have ponderable ground for their contention. The news of the kidnappings emanated wholly from American consuls, whose political veracity in an oil-bearing country is apt to flow in inverse ratio to the supply of petroleum. Following their reports, President Obregon stated that the Mexican authorities in the Tampico region could find no signs of any kidnapping, and that the police protection in that section was adequate. On the heels of that statement came word from the consuls that Mr. Bielaski had escaped without paying any ransom to his captors, and that in the Tampico region the bandit band had vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as it had appeared.

This is indeed an odd sequence of events. Let us consider the case of Mr. Bielaski. The kidnapping of Mr. Bielaski, if one may take the incident at its face value, would seem to be in the nature of an ironical retribution, for Mr. Bielaski was Chief Kleagle of the snooping squads of the Department of Justice at a time when that organization was conducting kidnappings, deportations, raids and defamations on a scale calculated to make unofficial bandits green with envy. Before the war, Mr. Bielaski was an humble departmental filing-clerk, but at its close he retired from public life to become head of a concern in control of certain oil-concessions in Mexico. It appears that a few hours after he had been kidnapped on a much frequented highway, he had little trouble in eluding his captors and making his way during the night through fourteen miles of jungle to the home of a friendly engineer. This journey, accomplished barefooted, through a country of stones and cacti, indicates that Mr. Bielaski possesses pedal qualities as remarkable as those of his imagination. His adventure was attended by an outcropping of romantic yarns, quite in the old Department of Justice style. It appeared that Mexico was all aswarm with German secret agents and Bolshevik agitators, that a squad of "American radicals" had recently slipped over the Rio Grande to co-operate with these scoundrels; and in fact, the place of the kidnapping was the scene of a branch meeting of the Third International to concoct plans for overthrowing the Government of the United States. Political stage-properties of this character were worn utterly threadbare in the sorry farce that held the boards a few years back; it seems curious that at this late day our newspaper-editors should have the effrontery or the stupidity seriously to reproduce them as the furniture of reality. As we pieced together the various details of this eerie adventure we confess that we felt credibility crack under the strain; and it was with a sense more of relief than surprise that we eventually marked the news seeping out of Mexico City that the authorities had issued a subpoena or a warrant or something for Mr. Bielaski calling for a bill of particulars in the premises.

The horrendous news of Mexican banditry, we have pointed out, sprang originally from the reports of American consular officials. We do not know on what principle these gentlemen are selected, but we have noted that in republics whose Governments are not on the eligible list of our exclusive State Department, the reports of our consuls sometimes make the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf!" seem almost prudishly conservative. To cite a single instance, the yarn about armed German and Austrian prisoners running amuck in Siberia during the latter days of the war was a feat of the consular imagination; and even though an official investigation by British and American military authorities proved it wholly without foundation, it was used as the excuse for an Allied invasion of Siberia. On the strength of it the American Government invited Japan to send in troops, and there the patient imperial forces of Japan remain to this day. Doubtless the Siberian incident served to establish a precedent in what is politely called international law, a precedent that bodes no good for Mexico. As soon as our consuls sent the first vague reports from Mexico, Secretary Hughes dispatched a menacing warning instructing our *chargé d'affaires* in Mexico that the Mexican Government must immediately put an end to such "outrages." If the outrages are imaginary, President Obregon is placed in a difficult situation indeed, and nothing short of the retaining of Baron Munchausen as Minister of Justice could serve to cope with such a situation.

From this lively crop of Mexican alarms and discursions we gather that in his recent negotiations with American bankers and oil-concessionaires Mr. de la Huerta was not as successful as the reports indicated. The most astute Mexican diplomacy can not effect a change in Mexico's geographical position, which, in the present circumstances, is the essential thing. There are more ways than one to skin a weak nation, and it would seem that only an almost super-human cleverness on the part of our neighbours below the Rio Grande could save them from a thorough skinning at the hands of our flourishing American imperialism. Mr. Obregon's Government has consistently moved to the right, which in this case is the direction of American exploitation. If it seeks to be honest with its own people, the Great White Father is bound to make its existence mighty precarious. If it goes too far in seeking to appease the demands of American privilege it is likely to meet a violent death at the hands of some group of Mexican citizens more representative of the popular instinct for conservation. Probably the only policy any Mexican Government can safely pursue is to compromise along in the forlorn hope that some day Uncle Sam will become less briskly acquisitive.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BOHEMIA.

It was eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning: a desolate morning in the Luxembourg Gardens, with a cold wind whipping chestnut branches on which already the first spring buds were bursting. A little group of dignitaries stood before the bust of Henry Murger; it was his brief turn for a centenary in a year which has already seen too many of them.

The function began, as all such functions do, with a speech. M. Rocher, of the "Comédie Française," next recited the "Chanson de Musette." M. Xavier Privas read a poem which he wrote when the same bust was dedicated thirty years before; perhaps he had refurbished it a little for this new occasion. At half-past eleven the mournful ceremony was over. It was attended by few representatives of the bourgeoisie, although Murger himself was thoroughly bourgeois. None of the patrons of the "Café du Dome" or "la Rotonde" came to honour him; it was too early in the morning for such an effort; and yet Murger was the prophet of their romantic Bohemia.

I use the term "romantic Bohemia" to distinguish the various Latin quarters of to-day from those of former ages: from the society of old Grub Street, of Villon, or of "Le Neveu de Rameau." These older Bohemias were not excessively self-conscious. They were ragged, but not deliberately ragged, and irregular in their habits more from necessity than choice. They followed a manner, instead of a theory, of life. But another distinction is more fundamental: this old Bohemia was only a temporary expedient. As Murger himself said, "It is a stage of artistic life; it is the preface to the Academy, the poorhouse, or the morgue." The new Bohemia, on the contrary, is an end and not a means; it is an esoteric cult, like Theosophy or New Thought, to which a man may adhere throughout his life.

Bohemia is as old as civilization; romantic Bohemia has only just counted its threescore years and ten. I should like to say that Murger founded it, but this would hardly be exact; it originated in the group which surrounded Gautier and Musset and Nerval. What Murger did was to vulgarize the conception. Only after his stories had been gathered from the magazines into a book; after they had been dramatized, translated into all languages, and finally candied into an opera—only then did romantic Bohemianism become a popular creed. Murger had written its Koran.

"Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" has two themes, and neither of them is connected with art. The first is love, an intermittent love like a quartan fever, an egoistic love composed, as Rodolphe himself was pleased to discover, almost entirely of illusion. The second theme is really emphasized more strongly; it is the chase "from morning to night of this ferocious beast which is called a five-franc piece." In this chase Rodolphe and his friends lose the best of their talent and the remnants of their honesty—resembling Chatterton less in this particular than Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. The rest of their time and all of their sentiment wastes itself in the pursuit of a dozen Mimis and Musettes. These men are perhaps artists, but they never work at their art; only Barbemuche dares even

talk about it, and Barbemuche is thereby rendered thoroughly ridiculous. Murger's fault was to make this sort of existence seem too attractive. He is largely responsible for an ideal of artistic life which has wasted several generations of talent; an ideal which has peopled more sanitariums, jails, and venereal wards than it has ever filled museums.

When he composed "La Vie de Bohème" he was thinking of the adventures of his own friends, but he changed and prettified everything in the writing. He belonged to a group which, because it could rarely afford another beverage, called itself The Water-Drinkers. A dozen young men with no money, little talent, and unlimited ambitions, they lived in hovels or in garrets over a cow-stable, and wrote and painted desperately. One winter they possessed a stove for the first time; it was a hole cut in the floor, through which the animal heat of the stable flowed into their chamber. This life was not always so picturesque; at least it was more anonymous and more pitiable than that of Murger's re-created heroes.

It was a life almost inevitably fatal. During the winter of 1844, Joseph Desbrosses died of consumption and starvation. He was an able sculptor and probably the one genius of their group, for certainly there was no other. Incidentally his was the third funeral in six weeks among the Water-Drinkers, and they emptied their pockets completely to buy a wooden marker for his grave. When the last sod had clumped down on his coffin, the gravediggers stood waiting for their tip. No money in the whole party; they had to be turned down. "That's all right," said the gravediggers generously, recognizing the mourners. "It will be for the next time."

As the Water-Drinkers left the cemetery they looked at one another solemnly and wondered which of them would be that next.

Evidently this life was a poor subject for romantic comedy. This little society of earnest failures, dragging their youth through long periods of misery and momentary debauches; these hopeful souls predestined to oblivion, and rescued from it only by their friendship with Murger; they would have given Flaubert material for another "Education Sentimentale," and a dozen times more bitter. Murger's talent, however, was of a different order.

Up to this time he had not discovered it. He abandoned his attempts at a formal education when he left primary school, and since then had been painting unbelievable pictures and writing verses of a terrifying banality, supporting himself meanwhile by casual work of every sort. One evening when his friends were fabricating war-maps in water colour, Murger began unexpectedly to tell them stories. They laughed with him for two hours steadily, till at last one of them advised him—seriously between two storms of laughter—to abandon poetry for prose. A little later he took this advice. He wrote about the life of his friends—the only life he knew—but he turned its vain, embittered effort into the candied sentiment of "La Vie de Bohème." Personally he hated this existence on the fringes of starvation; he abandoned it as soon as he was able. But for the public he tried diligently to make it attractive, and succeeded.

He succeeded so well, in fact, that his romance became the textbook of a new society. Deliberately it sought the irregular life to which its prophet had been driven. His temporary expedients—which he had the talent to render so fascinating—became its permanent ideals. The charm of "La Vie de Bohème" had been its youth and gaiety alone. The new Bohemia was middle-aged, but continued to make the gestures of a factitious youth. It was born at the crest of the second wave of romanticism, and it has preserved intact the romantic ideals of 1850. In this society, of which change is the ideal, nothing has really changed.

However, if it has not changed, romantic Bohemia has most certainly expanded. One observes that the Bohemians of Murger's romance are French without exception; to-day they would belong to all nations and every colour. Murger thought Bohemia could exist only in Paris. It has now extended to New York, London, and Berlin, with branch offices in Marseilles and Chicago. It possesses its own summer resorts in the Forest of Fontainebleau and in the Hudson Valley. It has its own clubs, restaurants, and magazines; its own theatres; its own stores and tradespeople; and its Bohemian landlords (who revert not seldom to the ridiculous type of M. Benoit). It has even its accredited Mæcenases, not less naïve than Carolus Barbemuche. Bohemia is a vast enterprise which could be capitalized at several millions. Starting as a revolt against the bourgeoisie, it has become as much the property of the bourgeoisie as any other business-venture.

This, even, is no departure from Murger; it is only a development. For, if one considers it carefully, "La Vie de Bohème" itself preaches the middle-class virtues; it is a

frantic tribute to the comfort and stability of the bourgeoisie. All through their history Marcel and Rodolphe aspire to regular meals, to a home, to durable amours, to everything else which constitutes the middle-class ideal. Sometimes one of them gets hold of a little money; he spends it immediately on rich food, on silks for his temporary spouse, or on a lackey; in other words, to realize ambitions which he shares with the grocers and landlords whom he so despises. There follow months of privation, from which the nostalgic perfume of truffles and Burgundy and stuffed turkeys is disengaged; all the more poignant because it seeps from behind other people's windows.

Late on Christmas eve Marcel was walking with Rodolphe toward their meagrely furnished room. "Look at those fish," he said, pointing to some broiled trout in a delicatessen window. "They are the most skilful swimmers of the aquatic race. . . . Just think; they can climb a steep mountain stream as easily as we would accept an invitation to dinner. . . . Once I almost ate one."

To-day Marcel can easily eat trout. He is proprietor of a Bohemian restaurant.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STATE: I.

CURRENT conceptions of the State involve a number of features which are by no means of equal significance. According to probably all writers, the State is a *territorial* unit assembling under a common government all the population inhabiting a definite area. Moreover, it is customary to assign to the State a certain pretentiousness in contra-distinction to such lesser local units as, say, the village. A distinct view was introduced by Franz Oppenheimer when he defined the State in terms of caste,¹ tracing the origin of both to the subjugation and economic exploitation of one group, the subject caste, by another, the overlords. Finally, one may mention that notion of absolute sovereignty (*suprema potestas*) which figures so prominently in the writings of modern political science: a relative supremacy, Professor Ph. Zorn of Bonn explained in 1913, may be exercised by other units of organization, such as the Church or the commune, but absolute sovereignty, complete independence of anything else under the sun, is the exclusive and essential badge of the State.

It may be readily conceded that a complete theory of the State can not ignore any one of these supposed criteria. Such a theory would surely have to explain by what processes the inconspicuous separatistic communities which we must perforce postulate for the earliest periods of social life, developed into large and powerful kingdoms; it must trace the evolution of inequalities in rank and political privilege; it must certainly take into account the history of "sovereignty." Nevertheless, it does not follow that these characteristics are of uniform importance when the State is viewed in anthropological perspective.

Perhaps the element of size can be most readily eliminated from the essentials of statehood. It is impossible to set any but the most arbitrary bounds to the stage at which a local organization would cease to merit the appellation of State; and the universal acceptance of the ancient Greek cities in that category makes it difficult to exclude any territorial unit on the mere basis of smallness. In other words, the problem of the large local unit is not coextensive with the problem of the State, but presents it in a special aspect. Moreover, this specific problem is a relatively simple one. There can be little doubt that in the bringing of extensive areas under a common rule, conquest has been by far the most impressive agency. Cases are on record of tribes which united in peaceful fashion, but the resulting leagues are generally of ex-

treme brittleness, or at least fail, as among the Blackfoot of Montana, to weld the total population into a well-knit political body. Even the famous Iroquois confederacy, it should be noted, had a narrowly circumscribed scope of activity.

On the other hand, many instances might be cited to show how the progressive conquest, by one group or tribe, of neighbouring groups has led to an ever-widening dominion. Thus, the Hawaiian Islands were originally split up among a number of petty princelings, who were one by one subjected by Kamehameha I. Before 1800 the Zulus of South-east Africa were a Bantu tribe of rather lesser than greater importance among the natives of that area; but through the military sagacity and unscrupulous cunning of Chaka, a dozen other groups came under the sway of this "Napoleon of South Africa," as he was grandiloquently called in the writings of his day. Finally, the well-integrated kingdom of the Incas, stretching from Ecuador to northern Chile, probably represents the high-water mark in skilful organization among unlettered peoples; and it appears that this realm, too, was founded upon gradually extended conquests of divergent populations.

Like the large territorial unit, the concept of sovereignty represents, anthropologically speaking, merely a part of the total phenomenon. To deny to the former Chinese Empire, with its complex structure and a stability of institutions defying the centuries, the title of State, seems the dreariest sort of logic-chopping. Yet after reading what Giles, Smith, Williams and Courant have written and, above all, after hearing what Dr. Berthold Laufer has had to say on the subject, I am firmly convinced that sovereignty in the strict sense was a notion alien to Imperial China. This conclusion rests not merely on the well-known centrifugal tendencies of the Middle Kingdom, where in large measure each viceroy or governor assumed the status of an independent potentate. More important, because touching more directly the vital realities of the case, are the Chinese fondness for co-operative enterprise and the popular attitude towards taxation. When, in the absence of a competent constabulary force, the villagers of a district organized for the protection of their crops against nocturnal marauders, they were evidently exercising a governmental function independently of the State. Moreover, a considerable part of the law regulating, say, commercial life, was established and administered by private associations, by the merchant-guilds; and this independence of the central authority was carried to an extreme when a community or guild repudiated as unjust an attempt to impose new taxation. There is the classic case of the pork-butchers who simply would not put up with a new tax, suspended business, and retired to their guild-hall until the Government came to terms, revoked the offensive decree and publicly apologized to the citizens for its actions. Instances of this sort seem to have been not exceptional but fairly typical, and eliminate *ipso facto* the essence of sovereignty.

If any further proof is required, we need merely turn to the history of Western and Central Europe, that one small corner of the globe in which the principle of sovereignty has achieved a genuine triumph, to find how recent is its assertion even there. To take one department of governmental life that has recently been sketched by Sir Paul Vinogradov, the administration of justice remained for a very long time in a curious relation to the central authority. In the earliest period there were no judges, only go-betweens with

¹ "The State," Franz Oppenheimer. Translated by John M. Gitterman. An edition with a new introduction by the author is now in preparation.

purely advisory functions. This was followed by compulsory arbitration, yet the State made no effort to make the umpire's decree effective. There was, in other words, self-help, and even at a later stage the Government went no further than to outlaw the litigant who refused to bow to the arbiter's judgment. Even under Charlemagne, positive execution of a decree by the State was confined to specific instances. How the notion of sovereignty gained ascendancy is thus a subject for the specialist in mediæval and modern European history, and represents only an infinitesimal portion of the broad anthropological problem of the State.

It is otherwise with the problem of hereditary inequality. To be sure, castes are not universal, and for the earliest social periods we can reasonably postulate only those inequalities due to *individual* differences, which are no less pronounced among the rudest democratic tribes than among ourselves. That is to say, in a primeval group the elders, as in Australia, or the physically strongest, as among the Chipewyan Indians, may have been dominant or at least extremely influential; but from such superiority no individual would be debarred by the mere fact of belonging to such and such a family. Nevertheless, hereditary castes, closed in varying degree to the outsider, are far from rare among fairly simple populations, and nothing is clearer to-day than the fallacy of Lewis H. Morgan's contention that all primitive peoples are basically democratic. Even in North America, where a majority of the aborigines really exemplify a democratic outlook on life, notable departures from the norm have been definitely established. The Natchez of the lower Mississippi divided the common people from the nobility, which in turn embraced three grades. The Pacific Coast Indians, also, are rigidly divided into nobility, common people, and slaves. Outside of the New World, we find a marked aristocratic trend throughout Polynesia; and though the African Negroes are, in contrast with other peoples, characterized by a proclivity for monarchical despotism, the Dark Continent probably furnishes the most instructive instance of caste-organization. In short, while not found everywhere, closed hereditary classes are sufficiently common to constitute an exceedingly important special problem for the comparative ethnologist.

It is here that Oppenheimer's theory, partly buttressed by these very data from Africa, demands attention; and I will say at once that when all reservations are made it accounts admirably for a large portion of the field; that it is borne out even more clearly by the thoroughgoing researches of recent years than by the summary statements in Ratzel's "History of Mankind," from which Oppenheimer was obliged to draw his information. Certainly East Africa affords illustrations not only of the origin of caste through the subordination of one group to another, as well as the ensuing economic bondage of the vanquished, but even of the various degrees of relationship that Oppenheimer supposed to develop from the merging of distinct populations.

Broadly stated, the fundamental fact is the over-running of the Bantu peasants' territory by a tall, pastoral people of partly Caucasian descent, who are generally allied with the purely Caucasian Hamites of North Africa. The Hamites, as they may be called for the sake of convenience, have become a dominant aristocracy, while the Bantu have been degraded to the status of commoners or serfs. But of this general theme numerous variations may be noted. The least intimate connexion, which exemplifies the stage ante-

cedent to a genuine caste-institution in Oppenheimer's scheme, appears in the relations of the Masai to their Bantu neighbours. These were properly independent of the Masai but were subject to constant pillage and massacre by hordes of marauding Masai herdsmen. An amusing justification of these raids has been reported. God, it seems, gave to the Masai all the cattle in the world; if the wicked Bantu would only peaceably surrender their cows and oxen on demand, there would be no trouble; but as they stubbornly decline to do so, their spoliation becomes a quasi-religious duty. Incidentally, attention may be called to two other relations maintained by the Masai which conform more closely to a full-fledged than to an embryonic caste-system. On the one hand, there is the indispensable yet despised guild of blacksmiths, which some authors derive from a distinct people. They live in separate settlements and are prohibited from intermarrying with the Masai; they are tolerated as a necessary evil and enjoy no civic rights whatsoever. Secondly, there is a group of hunters roaming over the Masai territory who are likewise a lower class and are used as spies. In other words, the Masai illustrate at least two conditions incident to the contrast of peoples; periodic expropriation and murder of theoretically independent units being exemplified in their treatment of the Bantu, while their relations with the blacksmiths and hunters represent the somewhat closer union of a tribe with dependent pariah groups occupying the same area.

Finally we may consider the somewhat more complicated conditions discovered in Ruanda by G. A. Graf von Götzen (1894) and more recently studied with greater care by Professor Czekanowski of the University of Lvov.¹ In Ruanda (as well as in the adjoining State of Urundi), there are not two but three groups, differing racially as well as in occupation. The latest comers are undoubtedly the pastoral Tussi or Tutsi, Hamites in economic activity and physique, though Bantuized in speech. These herders will not deign to take up husbandry save in exceptional cases of impoverishment. Of a total population of a million and a half, the Tussi represent less than a tenth, yet they are the absolute overlords of the Hutu peasants. A remarkable difference in stature marks off the nobility of herders from the cultivating plebeians. The Hutu happen to be of moderate height and stocky build, while the Tussi are extravagantly tall and slender, often attaining or exceeding a height of six feet, six inches. Somewhat shorter than the Hutu peasants are the Twa (Batwa) hunters, who were at one time erroneously described as pygmies, but in reality seem merely to have suffered some diminution of stature through intercourse with the dwarfish tribes of the Congolese forests. The interrelations, psychological and otherwise, of these three groups are very suggestive.

The Twa must undoubtedly be regarded as the true aborigines and were originally all hunters. They still regard the forest as their proper domain and accordingly plunder intruding Hutu, who tamely submit to their exactions. Yet the Hutu are gradually forcing them farther back by sheer force of numbers as their primitive system of cultivation demands ever new clearings. The Twa hunters, in spite of their relative independence of the Hutu, acknowledge certain peasant chiefs as their superiors and use them as go-betweens in rendering tribute to the Tussi king. Their relations to the Tussi aristocracy are curious.

¹ Forschungen im Nil-Kongo Zwischengebiet. Erster Band: Ethnographie; Zwischengebiet: Mpororo, Ruanda. Jan Czekanowski. Leipzig, 1917.

While the fastidious herders despise the Twa for eating poultry and eggs, they maintain friendly relations with them in order the better to keep under subjection the more numerous Hutu. When a Tussi kills sheep in sacrifice, he allows the Twa to gorge themselves with mutton. Even certain offices of honour are allotted to the despised race. It is they who carry the king on his travels through the realm, and chant in royal processions; nay, the executioner, part of the king's body-guard, and the police force are, oddly enough, recruited from this most diminutive population of the country. Yet there are unpassable barriers to their social advancement: no Hutu, let alone Tussi, would marry a Twa, and neither would contract the blood-brotherhood with a member of the pariah caste.

Altogether different is the status of the Hutu tillers. In the central province of Ruanda they are certainly a subject people, who must meekly submit to the demands of the Hamitic nobles. A herdsman will not eat with a peasant because the latter does not disdain mutton or the flesh of goats, both of which are taboo to the Tussi. Yet Hutu and Tussi may become blood-brothers, and the social lines are not drawn with absolute rigour. Even some of the lesser court-dignitaries are taken from the ranks of prominent Hutu, and an impoverished herdsman will not scruple to marry a peasant woman. Moreover, a secret religious cult is open to both herders and peasants.

The question naturally arises, how does a small fraction of the total population of Ruanda succeed in keeping the remainder in check? The answer is to be found in the solidarity of the Tussi and the skill with which they have turned political conditions to their advantage. They found the Bantu Hutu broken up into numerous independent territorial clan-units, each led by an hereditary headman with little political power. These petty tribelets were constantly warring with one another, and from this turbulence the conquerors profited. Furthermore, they modified indigenous institutions by establishing the headman as a royal official charged with the duties of a tax-gatherer. In this way a simple *primus inter pares* was elevated to the position of a great chief, whose personal interest lay in his loyalty to the conquerors. Restive clans were broken up and the members were settled under other chiefs, who recognized the Tussi king as their feudal lord. A group of the Hutu was organized into a privileged class of land-owning warriors free from forced labour, while the bulk of the peasantry tilled the king's domain and worked for their immediate chief two or three days a week. A competent police force kept strict surveillance over the whole area, spying both on the great chiefs and on foreign visitors.

In this way Ruanda came to be a far better integrated political unit than most of the other interlacustrine countries, and illustrates with great lucidity the origin of a State segmented into distinct social strata as the result of the contact of distinct groups. That somewhat analogous developments have occurred in the western Sudan appears likely from the observations of Leo Frobenius and various French officials, while in other continents the presence of a slave-caste is almost invariably due to capture in war. In so far, then, Oppenheimer's scheme is seen to rest on a solid body of ethnographic facts.

If it be asked in what way the theory requires modification, the principal point to be made is that it is properly not a theory of the State but a theory of caste. It explains the origin of hereditary classes, but it does not solve the more fundamental problem of all political organization. To be concrete, the Hutu of Ruanda

were not devoid of some form of government before the inroads of the Tussi reduced them to a state of vassalage, and the same is true of the Tussi before their elevation to the status of a pastoral nobility. Conquest led to complication and integration, but the germs of statehood antedated these processes. Thus, the conception current throughout the pastoral nobility of interlacustrine Africa, that the ruler is owner of all the cattle with the prerogative of bestowing upon his followers tenure-rights over the herds, is manifestly an old Hamitic notion presenting a novel variation of the feudal idea.

It can not, moreover, be safely inferred that caste-differences can spring exclusively from the subjugation of an alien group. To mention but one alternative possibility, the law of primogeniture inevitably degrades a majority of persons of noble descent to a lower rank, as shown in Tonga and in Vancouver Island. Finally, the motive for the maintenance of caste-differences need not be sought entirely in economic exploitation; as already noted, ideological factors, such as religious taboos, are likely to play their part. But when all allowances are made, Oppenheimer's theory still supplies beyond doubt the most satisfactory answer to the special problem of caste.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

(To be concluded.)

THE ADJUSTABLE JEW.

SUCH extremists as the Harvard authorities and Mr. Henry Ford have combined (unconsciously, one is inclined to believe) to aggravate in this country the old and highly complicated Jewish problem. Anti-Semitism is again furnishing texts and symposia for grateful editors; race-consciousness is once more a "burning issue," fanned by those professional Zionists whose *métier* is martyrdom; all the peculiarly Jewish vices (an ascending scale from sharp dealing in private to loud speaking in public) are being freshly exposed in fraternity houses and country clubs. We await, with ironic confidence, the news that seventeen Gentile children have been sacrificed upon our sanguine Passover tables. Unless the automobile business should fall into the clutches of the mythical "monopoly of Jewish bankers," nothing would surprise us less than an enthusiastic series of pogroms, beginning in Detroit and supported vigorously via articles in the *Dearborn Independent*, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

But while we Jews suffer from our avowed antagonists, we are embarrassed—and actually hurt—far more by our tolerant interpreters. No series of explanations has ever been written, and this paper is probably no exception, that has not been a hodge-podge of general misstatements and special pleading, of distorted facts and still more distorted inferences, of patronage and partisanship, of—to continue the tempting alliteration—prejudice, polemic and platitude. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the latest of our friendly analysts, has written a book that is a candid proof of the foregoing statements. It is called succinctly "The Jews," and is as crammed with contradictory generalities, half truths and absurd suggestions as a President's message to Congress. Time and again, Mr. Belloc proves for us that we are an unassimilable race, that we refuse to adjust ourselves to cultures other than our own. "The Italians assimilated the Lombards; the Greek the Slav; the Dacian has absorbed even the Mongol; but the Jew has remained intact." We can not change our spots, that is plain. Yet we are informed that Spain, by the mere mechanical process of religious conversion, has allowed so much intermarriage that, at one

time, to quote Shane Leslie (another confused apologist) "hardly an archbishop or grandee in the peninsula but carried a Semitic touch—which may account for a good deal of the art and theology of Spain." We belong to no one nation; we express ourselves only. Granted again. Yet, a few pages later, Mr. Belloc lists, among the leaders in British Governments, a Prime Minister (Disraeli), a Lord Chancellor (Herschell), a Master of the Rolls (Jessel), a Lord Mayor (Montefiore) and, majestic climax, a Viceroy of India (Isaacs). We adhere, leech-like, to our old codes and customs, Mr. Belloc charges in his opening; we are racial as well as religious nonconformists. Yet Mr. Belloc recognizes the Jewish origins of such spiritual spokesmen as Browning, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley and even—a truly Semitic satire—the founder of an international Christian sect, General Moss (*né* Moses) Booth.

These are only a few of one critic's paradoxes, but they are both typical and significant. They are misleading in the way that all generalities are misleading; one might as well base a philosophy on such scattered and inconclusive evidence, as attribute the Orientalizing of America (a theory that is finding many supporters), to Christopher Columbus's grandfather, a Portuguese Jew. The truth is that the Jews are a remarkably adaptable people, and it is to this gift for adaptability that they owe their continued existence. The Egyptian could do nothing with his ritual away from the Nile; he cursed an inflexible world and died. The Greeks, the Romans, the Assyrians lacked the gift or the trick of maintaining their spiritual integrity while seeming to surrender it; they were broken by civilizations before which they refused to bend. But the Jews, endowed with the technique of persistence, gave up everything and (following the advice of one of their repudiated leaders) lost their soul, with cheerful regularity, in order to save it. They told themselves that they were a stubborn and uncomfortable people; they had no place in a godless and degenerate world; their speech was a fiery refusal to conform; they defied the encroachments of modernity. Yet their final gesture was a shrug, and with a wry resignation in which pity and irony fought for mastery, they accepted the terms of the moment.

It is this facility of compromise that has enabled the Jew to identify himself with every movement of life to perpetuate itself. Instead of being the proverbially unadjustable unit, he shifts his ground whenever his position grows untenable; he has learned that the species that lives is the one that is variable. So one finds the Jew not, as his critics perennially insist, in one characteristic attitude, but occupying a place at every extreme. I would ask the essayists who delight in such subjects as "The Jew in Politics," "The Jew as Radical," "The Jewish Spirit in This or That," to think, before they round their periods, of the blandly conservative Adolph S. Ochs while they are using the diabolic Leon Trotsky to point a moral; to remember that Henry Morgenthau, who whitewashed Poland, was in the service of the Wilson Administration at the same time as Walter Lippmann; to read the smooth superficialities of Fanny Hurst before they label the dark introspections of Waldo Frank as exclusively "Hebraic"; to compare the casual railleury of Simeon Strunsky's essays with the excited intensity of those of Paul Rosenfeld; to reconcile the divergence in poetry of the affirmative rhapsodies of James Oppenheim, the flippant grace-notes of Franklin P. Adams, the twitching and almost tortured ironies of Maxwell Bodenheim.

In the spiritual conflict, the Jew is no more unresponsive, no less ready to follow the varied colours of his age. He, too, has witnessed the smashing of old ideals and, lonely at having lost his God, is searching, with the rest of the world, for a new faith. Here, too, he is experimental; he frequently allies himself with ultra-reformed services, with Ethical Culture societies, with—naïvely enough—Christian Science. Possibly metaphysics is to be the future substitute for religion; and so, at heart a mystic, he is among the first to join those who are finding salvation in the anti-materialistic concepts of Korzybski, Steiner, Ouspensky.

In short, the Jew is not only the product of his heritage but the product of his time. Unusually sensitive, he records all its chameleon-like changes, its disturbing self-contradictions; and until this sensitive adaptability, this compromise between character and conformity, is analysed, the "problem" of the Jew will remain as muddled as it is to-day.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

CONVERSATION IN A GARDEN.

We speak of many things in the garden of my friend, the Chinese sage. It is a stimulating environment. Men come and go, bringing the news of the world; while the broad yellow river flows by unceasingly, as if bearing a bountiful yet unhurried gift from the heart of China. Swelling behind the tall bamboos, and prominent from every path, this river dominates the garden; it is an old and placid flood, long settled in the landscape; it fills the pauses of the conversation with a note of dignity and power. To it Lisseh often turns in silence, waiting for us to understand.

Sitting this morning in the rose arbour at the foot of the garden, we were joined by an American, a traveller in the East; one whom we had known in youth but had not seen for years. Talk fell, almost inevitably in this grave period, on the future of races and lands; and in the course of talk our friend from the West uttered a familiar platitude. "But it is admitted," he said, in answer to Lisseh's last remark, "that children should rise above their parents."

"Who admits it?" inquired our host. "And tell me, further, what, exactly, do you mean?"

"I fail to understand you," answered the other. "How is a country to progress, unless children rise above their parents?"

"That is a form of words," replied Lisseh. "Tell me, now, what idea do you wish to convey by the word 'progress,' and what by the word 'rise'?"

"By both, I mean advance."

"Advance along what course, and to what end? There are many ways to advance, and some are to retrogress; there are many ways to rise, and some are to fall. But let us take a concrete instance. Let us consider, for example, the case of a farmer with three sons. How shall these sons rise above their parents, and how shall their rise help to advance the land?"

"By being ambitious, by going out into the world and getting ahead."

"I see that I understand you correctly," said our host. "The sons of our farmer must go to the city, and enter the world of business; they must abandon the life of production, and take up mercantile affairs. They must forsake simple ways of living for ways more complex and expensive. Thus, by unconscious stages, they must pass into another economic sphere. On a visit home, they must smile at the simple transactions of the farm, with the mature view of men accustomed to deal in larger matters. With condescension tempered by loyalty they must look upon their humble birthplace, thinking of it, as they go about the fields, in terms of vast improvements; full of a vague desire to leave the artificial life that they have chosen, yet never for an instant seriously

considering the step. Observing their mother in the kitchen, they must wonder how she likes to do her own housework, feeling a secret shame for her common tastes, although they love her dearly. When their father rises with the sun to begin his daily tasks, they must feel that, worthy parent as he is, he yet lacks those essential qualities which place men in a position to hire their meed of labour done for them. If one of the sons has remained at home, to help conduct the farm, he is regarded as the least spirited and ambitious of the three; the others look on him as on some one who has, in a measure, failed in life, while he looks up to them in bitter emulation and unhappiness. Withal, these sons, in their conversation with men of like origin and attainments in the city, religiously express great pride in their early training, attributing to it their whole success in life; and when they are called on to speak or write, advising the youth of the land, they invariably preach the worth of poverty and labour, and the virtue of simplicity, not as legitimate aims of life, but rather as useful aids to the achievement of success. Yet, cruelly enough, they deny their own sons these priceless advantages. Such men, I take it, are those who have risen above their parents, and who have contributed to the progress of the land?"

"You have taken one of many cases," objected the American. "All the sons of worthy parents are not of so mean a nature as you have just outlined."

"Your observation is significant," said Lisseh. "For I have outlined a somewhat generous, albeit thoughtless, nature; yet the picture seems ignoble to your eyes. I met many such men when I lived and travelled in your land. In fact, are they not typical? Theirs is the spirit which educates the young. It runs on the air, it is heard in the speech of men; and you have just avowed it, half a world away. It is the mainspring of your politics, the motive of your government. It feeds the roots of your culture: as the individual is, so is society. The boys must go up from the country to the city. The farmer must graduate to the factory. The son of the labourer must become a merchant. It is more ambitious to trade than to produce, to buy and sell the work of others than to work with one's own hands. It is more ambitious to draw a salary than to be one's own paymaster. The aim of life is to acquire riches; the use of riches is to escape labour; the goal of true ambition is a state of inactivity. In the many and widespread streams of your philosophy, in education, in business, in the press, in the precepts of the home, and even, I surmise, in the teachings of your institutional religion, the lines converge towards a single end, namely: the creation of a society founded on wealth and of a civilization motivated by material power. In this sense, my illustration was a good one. The sons of our farmer must become richer than their father, for to be richer is to rise; and a land with sons richer than their fathers is an advancing land."

"Quite so," said the American. "By enriching themselves, the sons enrich the land, and the land advances. That is simple logic."

"If to enrich the land were to advance the land. But we have not yet defined the nature of true advance. I deduce, from what you said just now, that the way you have in mind for children to rise above their parents, and for a country to advance, is a way purely of material."

"I do not follow you."

"The inference is plain. You assume that an increase in material well-being, both for the individual and for the land, involves automatically, as it were, a corresponding increase in spiritual well-being. Thus you assume that to go from the country to the city is a broadening experience; that familiarity with modern conveniences is an achievement of character; that to engage in business requires more ability than to engage in production; that to be worthy of a salary demands a higher degree of intelligence than to be worthy of one's own hire. Along with these comforting illusions has grown the pleasant fiction that business involves harder labour than produc-

tion, that the man who trades and speculates with the work of others himself works hardest of all, and that a legitimate proof of this lies in the measure of riches which he has acquired; so that it is the fashion for men of business to groan together concerning the grievous nature of their toil, pitying themselves, and remarking bitterly the selfishness and ingratitude of those who labour merely with their hands. In short, is it not assumed, my friend, as the basis of your civilization, that material culture and spiritual culture are one and the same?"

"It is, indeed!" exclaimed the American. "Throughout this discussion, Lisseh, you have steadfastly ignored the great benefits which the prosperous sons of farmers have conferred on their day and generation; you have steadfastly belittled the main results of their achievement. The telephone, the telegraph, the lightening of toil, increased leisure, the opening up of the ends of the earth, widely distributed comforts, the wonderful inventions, the marvellous machines . . ."

"On the contrary, good friend," interrupted Lisseh, "I have spoken only of these matters. I have been calling them to your attention. I have reminded you that they are things, not ideas; that they represent material, not spiritual values. Their virtue depends on the uses to which they are put. To work with machines is not better than to work with hands, unless the spiritual value of the process is enhanced thereby. Leisure carries no intrinsic worth; it belongs also to lazy men and fools. I look in vain, in the midst of modern improvements, for an improvement in character; I do not find an invention for perfecting beauty, or a machine for making truth. As for leisure, show me first what the man of machinery does with his free hours. No man is worthy of leisure until he has disclosed that spirit of true living which puts labour itself to spiritual uses, and derives character from toil."

"You mean that he must love his work? That is not always possible."

"Why not? It is his human duty. Why should he do what he does not love? I have known men who loved to fell trees, and men who loved to work in wood, and men who loved to labour in the fields. I have known men who loved to sail ships, and men who loved to explore dangerous places, and men who loved to stay at home. I have known men who loved to raise animals. I have known men who loved to dig gold, and men who loved to work in gold. I have known men who loved to address crowds, and men who loved to tend sheep in solitude. I have known men who loved to hunt and fish, and men who loved to study, and men who loved to paint pictures, and men who loved to play with words. In lands which retain their simplicity, no natural occupation lacks its devotees. But this is true, that man can not love his work unless he owns his work; to love to work for others is mere servility. In days of handicraft, man owned his work; but now machinery has stolen his work from him, to make the riches of our farmers' sons."

"You are a theorist!" exclaimed the American. "Your talk is wildly impractical. It is absurd to say that all the vast achievements of our day are not sound improvement. Look how the standard of living has been raised."

"I am more concerned with the standard of thinking. And what of the standard of dying? From all that I read, this standard was higher in your past generations."

"But do you say that man must return to handicraft? Do you say that he can not learn to improve his leisure?"

"I say the contrary. Yet it will not come about in the way you have in mind. Man will not conquer life in ease and comfort. His task is double now. First he must conquer his machinery. As for the question of handicraft, which in reality revolves on the factor of ownership, that matter is easily and simply settled. In due time man will recover, machines and all, the work which has been stolen from him. Then he can labour once more in joy and satisfaction; for labour, and not the lightening of it, is his true goal. He must create, or he will die. Yours is a faith in humanity founded

on false premises. It is founded on the premise that labour is unworthy, and that to escape labour is to gain a victory. Thus you create a society wherein boys are taught to strive for riches as the gate to impotence."

"Nonsense! Machinery has freed man for better uses than manual labour."

"There are no better uses for man than manual labour. But let us return to the argument. I understand you to admit that progress would not be a true advance unless it carried spiritual value; and you hold, moreover, that such a spiritual value inheres in the process of rising above one's father."

"That is the ideal of Western civilization."

"But, tell me, are the sons of our farmer, they who acquire riches, and, as you express it, get ahead, likely to show an increase in rectitude, in personal integrity, over that of their father?"

"Perhaps not always. The honour of men varies alike on the farm and in the world of business. The man of wealth, you must remember, deals with different factors, and meets a life of keener competition."

"Does he, indeed? Are they who dwell in the city, then, meeting and passing a million men every day, likely to gain a wider knowledge of human nature, a better judgment of life, a finer spirit of justice and tolerance, a deeper sympathy with the intimate problems and struggles of humanity, than he who has always lived in a small community, knowing only the lives of his neighbours?"

"That depends on the man. In a sense, the small community offers the better opportunity along these particular lines."

"I think so. But tell me, again, are these sons who become men of wealth, in control of privilege, likely to develop a more honourable conception of politics, a truer understanding of democracy, a firmer grasp of citizenship, a fuller knowledge of the public welfare, than he who views such problems from the simple standpoint of the farm and village?"

"I think they are, Lisseh. They know the inside of matters which the farmer can not grasp."

"Good! You feel that the man of wealth must, in the nature of his power and position, have a sounder understanding of the principles and practices of government than he who has never been beyond the limits of the town. This is significant. It shows that you are thinking of government, as well, in terms of material. For what the man of wealth understands is the manipulation of government to his own ends; and what the controller of privilege sees in government is not what is best for the State, but what is best for him in the State. Against the encroachments of these, the safeguard of the State is he who has the least to gain."

"Your attitude is wholly prejudiced."

"Not so, my friend. It is you who have forgotten the cardinal principle of your democracy, which is that no man can be trusted with the control of privilege. But is the man of business likely to acquire more learning, to know more of history and literature and philosophy, than he who reads a few good books but meditates much upon them? In short, are the sons of our farmer likely to be more enlightened than their father?"

"Perhaps not—that depends on what you mean by enlightenment. The man of business has scant time for reading. He has plenty of practical knowledge. Life is his book."

"But you have already admitted that the book of life is better known to our farmer than to his sons. Are the sons, then, likely to view society with clearer vision, to discern more accurately the trend and aim of social progress, and thus to live more wisely, endeavouring to establish and maintain institutions of greater worth and permanence, than he who sees the relation of man to man in its native and intrinsic simplicity?"

"You do not take account of the fact that the problems of society are constantly changing. The farmer rarely is abreast of the times."

"Only the garment changes; the naked form remains the same. It is the form of life; its problems are love, labour, creation, honest living and noble dying. Here in China we have five thousand years of uninterrupted history; thus we know how little actual change there is. But now that we have analysed the proposition, it is plain to you, is it not, that what you meant to say in the beginning was this: If sons are richer than their fathers, the land will increase in riches. This is both true and obvious; but by using finer words, and speaking of the rise of children and the progress of lands, you threw about the subject the glamour of idealism, making it appear that what you had in mind was real superiority for the individual and cultural improvement for the land. The analysis, however, having discovered that riches is riches, leaves these other matters open to demonstration. So it appears, my friend, either that the land of our farmers' sons is not advancing, or that material rather than spiritual increase is the true advance. One or the other conclusion must be accepted; it is the merest hypocrisy to try to join the two. Which do you choose?"

The American remained for some time silent, puzzling over these absurdities. The practice of logic was a difficult exercise for him. While we waited, our host gazed at the yellow river, flowing steadily past the garden and on toward the sea.

"I choose the former," said Lisseh at last, as the other still refused to answer. "When I find men of business limiting, for the sake of truth, the acquisition of gain; or when I find men of wealth sincerely seeking poverty; or when I find traders and speculators assisting the process of production; or when I find bankers and statesmen working in the public welfare, and honouring the art of life; or when, in general, I find men anxious to labour without becoming rich, rather than anxious to become rich without labour; then, my friend, I may agree with you that, in the sense in which you intended your theorem, the rise of sons above their fathers entails the advancement of the land."

"Lisseh, you are incorrigible!" exclaimed our visitor testily, preparing to depart. "You are a fanatic. You are out of joint with the world."

The sage smiled as he continued to gaze at the placid river. "Wait a thousand years, my friend," he said, "and I will speak with you again."

LINCOLN COLCORD.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: VIII.

GRYON-SUR-BEU. SWITZERLAND.

May, 1922.

THE snows are melting and the Dent du Midi thunders and I look out of my window at the crocuses and primroses and violets with which the mountain slopes are starred, and my landlord and his family make a strange, buzzing, humming noise as they practise "*Le Matin du Pèque*," singing in parts of the "*près qui s'émaille de fleurs*." The song contains nothing about the Dent du Midi and its thunder, but then the poets never do hear or see the obvious. The Dent du Midi thunders and it is as though the flowers on the slopes and the buds on the trees sprang out through the repercussion. The violence of spring compels utterance, though not necessarily of thoughts of love, which, as one of Shaw's impudent characters says, also occur in the autumn.

The spring weather in these Alps is very like the moral condition of Europe: snow on Monday, rain on Tuesday, brilliant sunshine on Wednesday and Thursday, a howling wind on Friday and on Saturday mist, fog, like that of the opening of "*Macbeth*." But Europe is well away from tragedy: an abortive tragedy must quickly turn to farce if sanity is to be preserved—and *voilà où l'on est*. I think Rabelais, who died of laughing at his own times, would be happy in these. Life in Europe is so giddy and fantastic that in order to take it seriously one has to laugh, otherwise one becomes stupefied with a sudden earnestness—and it is all up. I rather think that patriotism is the fatal expression of that stupefaction. I once knew a Scots-

woman who travelled all over the world and swore in her old age that heather grew only in Scotland, and I met an English person the other day who was quite injured because primroses and violets dared also to grow in Switzerland! He had thought there was nothing but snow, mountains and tinned milk. He was also worried because every cottage has its telephone and electric light. As a middle-class person it offended him that the poor should enjoy these advantages.

We are very strong on the poor in England. The poor we have always with us, but they must know their place, which is—God knows where. Northcliffe says it is in great, empty Australia—great, empty Northcliffe! Wherever the British mind is dominant the poor will be the poor in order to help the rich to feel Christian. Switzerland, on the other hand, is a Republic, which means that there are thrifty peasants and rich bankers, and where there is thrift there can be telephones and electric light, and the workman can call his soul his own, if he has one. If not, he can freely enjoy the process of digestion, which is the most common substitute. It is really a very wonderful thing to see a contented peasant sit on a hard bench by his front door, throw his legs out and give himself up to the rhythm of the natural processes going on in his body; hearing, seeing, thinking nothing, but warmly and even acutely alive, in a condition shrewdly to appraise whatever life presents; secure in his thrift and not caring two sous what his so-called betters do with the fantastic efforts they make to have something to show for the money they loot from the credit due to the accumulated savings of millions. Pity the poor rich, dear cousin, not the rich poor!

I ran into Max Eastman in Paris, and in the course of our conversation I pointed out that Western Europe in relation to America was in the position of a prodigal father. Max laughed and said that was a trenchant way of putting it; and he looked grave when I went on to say that when you have spent all your money in whoring there is nothing to be done but to cut your losses, since not a penny of the money can by any shift or device be made productive. But that is precisely what Western Europe has been doing since about 1910. It has been called a war, even the Great War, and the War to End War, but the essential occupation has been debauchery, and that a few million men have been killed and wounded is incidental: debauchery of mind, body and spirit, and without some very deep expiation there can be no recovery. "I am in no wise worthy to be called thy father . . ." Expiation is a matter of time: a psychic process not immediately connected with the business of living or making a living, though it may be remembered that this is not overlooked in the Lord's Prayer, a masterpiece in its handling of workaday psychology. I am not recommending a revival of religion, though there is a deal of horse sense in Christianity which Virtue has consistently overlooked. I am only pointing out that while the long expiation is in process the debauched people of Western Europe are helpless, because they can never know from week to week what their state of mind and being is going to be. They must live for years maybe in a condition of nausea until by dint of reaction their nerves are restored and their minds clarified. Meanwhile the rest of the world can not wait. The millions of Americans, Indians, Chinese must live. They are innocent of the ten years horror. (American participation in it was an accident due to Mr. Wilson's Presbyterian incapacity for realism.) They will leave the prodigal parent to his aching head and set about discovering what can be done with this world and its life.

Consider the map. Western Europe is a small and narrow peninsula attached to the vast continent of Asia. It is a pointer toward the vast continent of America which has been increasingly accessible these hundreds of years; and yet so small and narrow have the people on the small and narrow peninsula become that they have stayed huddled there pretending in their smallness to be lords of the earth. Rather than live with a continental imagination they built cathedrals pointing to the skies, and

organized bribery and corruption into the semblance of society, until their own exasperated ingenuity made it impossible for them any longer to accept the semblance as a substitute for the reality. They have laughed for generations at America because America is not a nation. They have now an uneasy sense that America is laughing at them because they are God knows how many nations, trapped in their own narrowness, caught in their net of frontiers, and so habituated to it that they can not move when, as has happened, that net has been cut to pieces by the railway-system and shredded into fibre by the motor-car.

A Czecho-Slovakian loan has been floated. Why? What is Czecho-Slovakia? I don't know; an unpronounceable name, a knot in the *cordon sanitaire* which Western Europe designed for Russia and placed round itself. But what is Czecho-Slovakia? Why should I lend it money if I have any? There is a bank in Prague no doubt. What are the affiliations of that bank? Is it affiliated with Paris or London or New York? Is Czecho-Slovakia another name for the Standard Oil Company, or for the Steel Trust, or for the Grand Orient? I want to know. It is the creation of the treaty of Versailles and I know the treaty of Versailles to be unmitigated nonsense, the last dying abracadabra of imperial diplomacy which has shown itself to be unfit to be trusted with a single dime, since the years of alleged peace have been ten times as ruinous as the years of war. No doubt the people of the portion of Europe which has been plastered with this grotesque name are sober and industrious and entitled to credit and to have their bank supported by mine or yours. (A bank, brother, is only you and I and our willingness to support each other.) In Heaven's name, then, why Czecho-Slovakia? I am told they have a Ministry of Marine because they have a wharf at Vladivostok: and this is their only harbour. But how can there be a modern economic unit without a harbour? The seacoasts of Bohemia (the good old name of Czecho-Slovakia) are at Vladivostok, and there is nothing there for you and me and the bank (which is you and I) to support. There is nothing but hocus-pocus and everybody knows it; but as there is more money for a few in hocus-pocus than in any other industry, the treaty of Versailles with its Czecho-Slovakias and Jugoslavias and Esthonias and Polands and Lithuanias and Albanias, etc. etc. must not be discussed at Genoa or elsewhere. Sooner or later, of course, the *cordon sanitaire* must be broken. It is strangling us, starving Russia (who is used to starvation), reducing our politicians and our intellectuals to imbecility and infecting American business with our chaos. We are, in fact, reduced to you and me and the bank, which is you and I. What are we going to do about it? It is simple enough, if only you and I had courage enough and were sufficiently interested. We are willing to support each other's credit. Well, that is banking. We are not willing to support frontiers, exchanges, armies, navies, air-forces, faked countries, *cordons sanitaires*. Well, that is the treaty of Versailles. The issue is clear. It is very rarely that any issue is so clear. Frontiers have to go, exchanges have to go, national governments have to go. Why not take the plunge? Why not establish a dollar-credit in Western Europe, administered from Geneva, and take in return a tenth mortgage on the wretched suffering place, plus a first mortgage on Eastern Europe, otherwise Russia, to include the Tsarist debt. That would let in what we want and must have—a good, icy financial draught.

But I suppose there are violets and primroses elsewhere than here and in England, and that in other countries, too, the snow is melting on the mountains, making them vocal. After all does it matter who or what is the government of anywhere? There are people in every place. They must live and love and breed, and somehow or other they will manage it, and in doing so create the laws and the arrangements which best suit them. Laws are created by the people in the pursuit of their daily life: they are not bestowed on them.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

ONE of the easiest ways to get the taste and temper of a great city is to wander with an observing eye about those open spaces which by common consent have been preserved from building-encroachments. All enclosures that have been in existence since the first building of a city have about them a curious romance. For instance, as one leaves the confused vortex of Columbus Circle, so suggestive of the feverish activities of a commercial age, and enters Central Park, how invigorating and refreshing it is to find oneself confronted by the old grey rocks jutting bolt up out of the green grass. One can never pass these basalt masses of primitive matter without being conscious that they are exposed fragments of the skeleton of Manhattan. It is a pleasant pastime to let one's mind dwell upon the many æons during which these stones have remained exactly as they are to-day, to remember that these flat slabs, polished smooth by the romping games of generations of metropolitan children, were but yesterday accustomed only to the naked feet of Indians who, according to their custom, had come to the island to hunt or fish, or to gaze for long brooding hours at the moon.

WHAT were Mayor Hylan's predecessors about when they permitted the park's peaceful environs to be dissected, this way and that, by blank, gleaming motor-roads? These roads should have been diverted to two broad ways on either side. In this matter I confess myself irreconcilable. South of the reservoir, it has become quite impossible to enjoy those delights for which the park was intended, one's indolent meditations, one's philosophic discourse, being continually interrupted by one or the other of these thrice-damned automobile-tracks. Even were it not imperative to undertake the peril of crossing one of them, the mere sight of their complacent traffic is depressing in the extreme; for these motor-cars with their shining meretricious appearance, and their feckless feather-headed proprietors, represent just exactly what one is at such pains to escape. Nothing in earth or heaven would resign one's jaded nerves to their presence. Why are they allowed to come sweeping back and forth across these few acres that were set aside to create at least the illusion of the country?

SURELY it is impossible that these motorists enjoy the trees and grass and flowers. They go too fast; they are away and out of sight before ever a fluttering leaf has reached the ground, or a robin has had time to extract a reluctant worm from the soft mould. How, I wonder, do the spirits of Burns and Sir Walter Scott, if ever they visit their brazen images set up at the near end of the Mall, tolerate the interminable spectacle of these vulgar vehicles? And Shakespeare himself!—what does he make of them; or does his homely, sagacious soul refuse altogether to abandon his buried bones, lying undisturbed to this very day, twelve feet deep in good Warwickshire loam? As I scribble this, two common English sparrows are busy fledging their young from a nest built between the cloak and left hand of Shakespeare's statue. They might indeed have selected a more secure place in which to make their home, but hardly a more appropriate one.

No, the only part of Central Park that is fit for the simple-minded people who are courting the sort of emotional quietude that comes from close contact with nature, is the northern section. Here there are no strewn papers, no baseball games, no ostentatious limousines. The feeble, disenchanted flowers that adorn the other end have given place here to sturdier growths; the *tradesancia scandius* or "wandering Jew" may be seen displaying its lovely azure, like tiny chipped fragments of the sky itself, under the shaded boughs of free-growing trees. Great wide-leaf'd docks are plentiful also, and sorrel and coarse, feathery grasses. It is a

district frequented by honest folk only, by lovers in search of the confidences that come with seclusion, by men who carry books rather than newspapers under their arms, and by lovable, indolent rogues who hold an hour's leisure in such an environment to be of more value than a month's work. It is here too that one may see—and one may know them by their look—all those exiled countrymen whom an evil destiny has trapped by no will of their own into city life. They lie on their backs with their eyes shaded by their straw hats, Jews, Gentiles, and infidels alike, dreaming delightful dreams of God alone knows what divine cow-trodden pastures, or goat nibbled mountain-sides! That other end of the park can go to the devil for all of me; I would not give a dry rush for it. Who cares two cherry-stones for picturesque lagoons, or for the wretched effete squirrels who, because their little grey bellies have been packed daily with nurse-maid's peanuts, have forgotten altogether how to store up winter provisions as their progenitors did before them, time out of mind, in secure, dark, hollow places?

Now leaving the park and turning to Washington Square, what a rich mellow atmosphere one enters! The square in any season is beautiful—in the first tentative days of the late American spring, in the glorious full-leaved summer time, and at the feast of St. Stephen, when on a moonlight night, every rood of it is muffled up in snow. The famous arch itself gives to the locality, as the never-ending stream of green 'buses goes rolling under its weighty portal, a grave and dignified aspect. It is a pity, perhaps, that the figure of George Washington should be twice represented at the foot of the arch. His countenance, a trifle stiff about the lips, is not of the kind which lends itself with grace to repetition. His famous words are chiseled over the arch, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." The sturdy statesman certainly accomplished his part of the undertaking.

OF the other two statues that adorn these happy purities little can be said. To many citizens, who in pursuit of their varied occupations have cause to pass through the Square, there must always appear something pathetic about the cloaked, conspicuously unmilitary figure of Garibaldi standing for all time in civilian guise—a true symbol of much revolutionary spirit—with his hand upon the hilt of a sword which is never drawn! Turning to the bust opposite, the bust of Mr. Alexander Lyman Holley, it is at the risk of profanity that one stands agape before the uninspired countenance of this good Brooklynite. How came it to pass that the physiognomy of this moustached and Sandow-like individual was set here in perpetuity for the spiritual discomfort of wayfarers? From the crumbling letters, happily fast becoming effaced, one learns that it is to his genius and energy that we owe the blessing of Bessemer steel. Well, one may not be ungrateful for Bessemer steel, but would it not have been possible for the memory of his notable achievement to be preserved in some more appropriate fashion, or at any rate in some more appropriate place? At present the bust directly faces Washington Place; and in winter time, as one approaches the Square from the direction of that homely old-fashioned street, the sun may be seen to rise exactly behind it. Never was there a site more suitable for some splendid monumental work of art, for some triumphant figure of a Priapean Memnon, perhaps, designed by the most extravagant artist in Greenwich Village, to utter each morning, as soon as ever the hazy, golden sunlight touched its cold marble, an audible affirmation of life, to be echoed and amplified a few hours later in the "barbaric yawp" of New York City.

OF the various trees in this part of the town it is perhaps the English elms that are most stimulating to the

imagination. There are two especially fine ones in the Square itself, one near Fourth Street and the other at one corner of the east end. Many a forlorn, heart-sick European who has allowed his eyes to wander upwards along their dark, rough-barked timber, must have felt their generous influence prompting him to forget if but for a moment, the cark and care of workaday life, as his mind, in lovely retrospect, harks back to far-off days in distant harvest fields, where under just such lofty branches horses and men take their rest amongst cool shadows. There is indeed one other tree capable of soothing unhappy and deflowered minds, a tree especially typical of certain aspects of New York. In Washington Square, in Patchin Place, in almost every insignificant back garden of the neighbourhood, the lovely ailanthus or "heaven-tree" grows up bravely, spreading out its delicate palm-like leaves—leaves such as one might fancy were strewn under the hoofs of that gentle animal which bore our Lord into Jerusalem—as a constant and consoling reminder that even out of dust and ashes, out of arid brick and desolate pavement, beauty can and will force its way up in all its loveliness toward the calm, eternal stars.

JOURNEYMAN.

MUSIC.

NOTES ON MUSICAL CRITICISM.

IN the exercise of the critical faculty it is important to realize the limits of the field over which such criticism is valid. It is an accepted axiom in psychological science that there are two ways of knowing a thing—from the outside and from the inside. We may know all *about* a subject; its history, its genealogy, its scientific principles; we may be able to demonstrate by argument and diagram its logical consistency, its appeal to the understanding, its foundation in natural law, physical or psychological. On the other hand we may, in entire ignorance of these, have so completely entered into the spirit of the subject as to have reached the angle of vision from which it was projected into being; we may have discovered a kinship with its author or creator; we may have become conscious participators in the inspiration which brought it to birth; we may, in short, enjoy that immediate intimacy with the subject that can only be got from the inside.

These considerations may be applied equally to the works of Nature and those of Man. There is the discernment that comes through the head and that which is given by the heart; the vision that is reached by way of the intelligence and the insight that comes only through the feelings; there is the analytic view of science and the synthetic view that belongs so peculiarly to the artistic sense.

In no department of discursive thought is it more important to bear these considerations in mind than in that of musical criticism. When that great searcher of hearts, Shakespeare, deplored the moral and sentimental defects necessarily afflicting "the man who hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds," he did not, by implication, deny to this unhappy mortal the possible possession of a tympanum sensitive to the most delicate shades of harmony, fingers peculiarly agile in the operation of musical instruments, or an auditory memory as accurate as a phonographic disc. A man may have all these adaptations and yet be destitute of that inward ear to which musical art addresses itself; while he may, on the other hand, be signally deficient in these mechanical adjustments but be possessed of just the one qualification required for the reception of the message

brought by the inspired composer. For it must be remembered that all art, and particularly that of music, is in essence the language of the emotions. Its function is to express what is inexpressible in ordinary language; to convey a feeling from soul to soul. It involves, therefore (using the analogy of wireless telegraphy), a transmitter and receiver accurately attuned to one another; an attitude on the part of the hearer of complete reciprocity with the mind of the artist; and the truth attested by experience is, that the maximum degree of sensitiveness is attainable only in proportion as the critical faculty is permitted for the moment to fall into complete abeyance. Herbert Spencer, the great apostle of the intellect, confessed in his later years, with profound regret, that he had cultivated the habit of musical criticism at the sacrifice of the power to enjoy. So strange is the incompatibility or even antagonism, between the functioning of the intelligence and the free movement of the spirit.

Are we to conclude then that musical criticism is a futile or even harmful employment of the human mind? Are the adjectives, good, bad, or indifferent, to be used only in reference to the intensity and quality of emotions aroused by musical art? This conclusion is assuredly not warranted by what has been said. For the appreciation of technique and the pleasure experienced in perceiving the adjustment of means to ends may be described as an emotion in the making, and represents an appetency that demands legitimate satisfaction. To watch a carpenter at work is a pleasure that increases in intensity in proportion as he uses his tools effectively. The discovery of how effects are produced brings an enlargement of the intellectual horizon which constitutes an important element in the growth of the soul. But, to repeat what has already been said, technique in music is but the more or less perfect language by means of which an emotion is conveyed from the composer to him who is prepared to receive it. Faulty technique causes an obstruction or break of continuity in the means of communication, while perfect technique, like a properly adjusted electric apparatus, offers the minimum amount of resistance to the passing of the mysterious current.

To realize this is to give the musical critic its proper place in our regard; it is to deliver us from the illusion that to know *about* music even to the point of discoursing learnedly upon diminished sevenths and consecutive thirds, is synonymous with being receptive of the message it brings; it is to throw us back upon the primitive and trustworthy conviction that the path that leads through music to the dreamland of the ideal, is a right-of-way for all humble souls, and that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

Philosophers have drawn a distinction between what they call judgments of values and judgments of description. If we bear in mind that musical criticism is at best but a judgment of description as distinguished from the faculty by which we judge values, we may avoid much confusion of thought. Criticism may clarify and stimulate that faculty; it may aid in elevating it to a higher plane and in advancing it beyond the mere impression of the moment; but it can never take the place of that mystic endowment of sensibility by which we make contact with a world of feeling and emotion that is otherwise inaccessible, and catch glimpses of "the light that never was, on sea or land."

ALEX MACKENDRICK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

"TRUTH, CRUSHED TO EARTH —"

SIRS: The following reassuring lines of Lowell leaped into mind upon reading your editorial "The Mills of the Gods" in the *Freeman* of 28 June:

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid his worshippers.

I am not, even by implication, assuming you to be right in the tremendously important historical question at issue, though I am obviously supposing Lowell to have been right, at least in a large measure, regarding the profound principles set forth in his lines. Personally, I should feel little desire to accept, as an abode worthy of man, a world where truth did not, ultimately, have at least a fair chance of coming to the surface. I am, etc.,

Iowa City, Iowa.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

THE IRISH ELECTION.

SIRS: May I be permitted to take issue with a statement appearing under "Current Comment" in your issue of 21 June that "the first general election in the Irish Free State will have been held and the fate of the treaty with England will be known"? The election held in Ireland on 16 June was not held on the treaty-issue and as yet the Irish Republic has not been disestablished. The election held on 16 June was an "agreed election" to form a stable Government, composed of both those favouring and those opposed to making Ireland a part of the British Empire. It was a war-measure, so to speak, based on the agreement entered into between the two opposing Irish leaders and not between any Irishman and England, giving to each party the chance to co-operate with the other without loss of principle on either side. It is essential that this be understood by Americans who desire to follow intelligently future developments in Ireland. It is borne out by the words of Michael Collins in his address to the Sinn Féin convention on 23 May in which he declared that "the task they had before them was to meet and put an end to conditions of disorder within their country and if . . . this agreement imperilled the treaty they had to face the situation." The agreement further provides for a general election on adult suffrage in the event that the Coalition finds it necessary to dissolve. Therefore it may be reasonably expected that in the near future all men and women in Ireland, including those who fought and suffered during the terror, will have the opportunity to help determine the fate of their country. I am, etc.,

Ballston Spa, New York.

A. REILLY.

"THE HAIRY APE."

SIRS: Perhaps a word from me is called for in reference to Mr. Louis Kantor's communication in the *Freeman* of 5 July.

As the basis for his case, Mr. Kantor takes two parenthetical sentences from a letter of mine which appeared in the *Freeman* of 14 June. The first of these says that "strictly speaking, 'The Hairy Ape' is not an innovation in form at all." The second gives as the reason the fact that the play "adheres to familiar methods of the modernist movement in Germany almost as closely as," etc. Mr. Kantor believes modern German drama too diverse to permit of a convenient blanket label being applied to any section of it. From this, apparently, he challenges the "entire familiarity" with German drama of anyone who happens to think differently.

As to the accuracy of the names and methods of the modern German dramatists whom Mr. Kantor enumerates, there is of course no question. The roster he calls has been called in scores of articles and reviews on the subject of German Expressionism, which is, I think, generally understood in its application to the theatre as a movement to produce a definitely subjective drama, unconcerned with realistic happenings, where such happenings are admitted at all, save only as they bear upon the inner life, which is its sole concern. Naturally, a drama of this sort admits of a multiplicity of variations. Such diversity, however, hardly means that a general identifying term is inadmissible. Rather, it would seem to make such a term indispensable, and it was in this sense, to indicate drama of this subjective class, that I used the term "modernist movement in Germany." It is, I think, despite Mr. Kantor's objection, sufficiently clear in meaning; and in view of the number of productions the movement has

to its credit and the large amount of literature devoted to it in several languages, the adjective "familiar" still seems to me a fair one, needing no withdrawal.

That "The Hairy Ape" belongs in the general category indicated is, I think, likewise indisputable. The undeniably original traits in Mr. O'Neill's play upon which Mr. Kantor lays such stress have never before, as far as I can remember, been cited as negating the matter of the play's general classification; a classification which is not original with me, as anyone depending solely upon Mr. Kantor for information might suppose.

Mr. Kantor's insinuation that I overlooked the original elements in Mr. O'Neill's treatment of the "Hairy Ape" theme, merely shows that he could hardly have read the review, in the *Freeman* of 3 May, in which my opinion of the play was set forth. In that review, although purposely avoiding stereotyped label designations, I devoted considerable space both to the existence and to the bearing of these elements. In the very remark, moreover, which Mr. Kantor quotes as an excuse for his letter, I explicitly took notice of their being. I said that "The Hairy Ape" "adheres" to the methods (plural number) in question "almost as closely as," etc. I was under no necessity to develop the subject at the time, but—because I at least strive after accuracy—it was precisely in order that cognizance might be taken of the existence of these elements that I took pains to insert the small word "almost" in that sentence. Such is the sole function intended for it there. I am, etc.,

New York City.

LOUIS BAURY.

THIS discussion is now closed.—EDITORS.

IN REPLY TO MR. STEARNS.

SIRS: Mr. Stearns seems a strictly orthodox American. He has fixed prejudices and expects a general agreement with them. I am glad that he realizes that the intelligent man must laugh at the stupidity of conditions to-day, but I am sorry that he disapproves of intelligent Americans doing it. Moreover, I can not quite accept his analogies. He says that he has always enjoyed histrionic art yet never wished to be an actor, that he has enjoyed even modern music without wishing to play the piccolo. Very interesting; but what has that to do with the opinions he ascribes to the exceptional citizens of the United States? He says that Mr. Henry L. Mencken and Mr. Albert Jay Nock think the spectacle of the behaviour of those members of the human race residing in America is better than any circus. If they think that, they are in my opinion right; but I can not for the life of me see how their thinking so necessitates their *being* the thing they are laughing at any more than Mr. Stearns's enjoyment of music necessitates his desiring to play the piccolo. Moreover, I can not see the difficulty of *being* the thing one is laughing at unless Mr. Stearns can point out to me the distinction between that and laughing at what one is. The ability to laugh at what one is seems to me so important that the lack of such ability I would count a most serious misfortune. His long discussion of how the Parisian rises above economic distress and political menace, of how *neither* affects his culture, is at variance with what has been said by Mr. O'Sullivan, and shows some unique reasoning. There is, however, small necessity of anybody's answering him, for he has been answered. If Mr. Stearns will turn to the "Reviewer's Notebook" in the issue which contains his letter, he will find the answer charmingly and effectively expressed. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JOSEPH L. TYNAN.

COLOUR IN KILLING.

SIRS: I am not a sentimentalist. True, I do not believe, on general principles, in killing, in depriving my fellow human beings of life, their unique treasure, that which the Psalmist calls his "Darling." Yet I am not over much wrought up on the subject of war. It is a time-honoured and, many believe, a praiseworthy institution. Human life has always been cheap. For the million and a half years of man's existence on this planet, dying, naturally or otherwise, has been an ever-present and commonplace phenomenon; why, then, make a great to-do about the periods of exacerbation resulting from recurrent wars? Nevertheless, I am perfectly free to say that were the matter put to majority vote, I would be disposed to take sides with those in favour of abolishing war.

Having thus made it plain that I am not animated by any distorting zeal on either side of this subject, I venture to propose for the consideration of those who may be interested, a scheme that has for its object the abolition of war.

The plan I have in mind, I make bold to assert, is infallible; if it were adopted war would no longer be possible.

Moreover, it is extremely simple and easily practicable. I am surprised that among all the pacifists and humanitarians this idea has never so much as suggested itself. It may be stated in a brief sentence. It consists merely in doing away with the colour-line in killing, for in war it is the matter of colour that is of vital, or rather of lethal, significance. It is obvious that soldiers can not kill unless they know whom to kill, and how can they know whom to kill unless their foes are clearly marked for them by the colour and character of their uniforms and accoutrements?

Suppose, for instance, that in our Civil War the Union and Confederate troops had all been clad in blue, or all in grey; for purposes of killing one another the result would have been most confusing. In the recent world-war, the principal distinctive colours were horizon blue, field green and khaki. Had all the contestants, French, German, English, Italian, Russian, Austrian, American, etc., been uniformed in one only of these colours, the confusion would have been indescribable. It might be said that other means of discrimination between friend and foe would still be left, for instance the side of the trench on which the soldier is found or the direction from which he is coming. But such topographical distinctions are but temporary, and in a *mêlée* they are necessarily and speedily lost.

My plan, be it noted, requires absolute identity in uniform and appearance between the contending forces, and therefore, moreover, every other of the usual discriminating marks must be done away with. Hence no flags of any kind may be used. National flags would have to be restricted to peaceful uses; they could not be allowed on the field of battle.

I realize that one practice of modern warfare would not be affected by the proposed measure, that is, the bombing of enemy territory by air-planes, for that is a well-defined matter of geography and topography. But air-plane combats, on the other hand, would be subject to the same difficulties as the fighting on land, for the air-planes would have to be all of the same appearance and design, without any distinguishing marks.

Here then, it seems to me, for those who are in earnest about peace, is an eminently simple and practicable programme to work for; nothing so difficult to bring about as general disarmament or even reduction of armament. Let every individual of every nation be armed to the teeth if desired, but only on the condition that armament, uniform, etc., be absolutely identical throughout the world—that is, of course, the white world. I realize with regret that my plan must be limited to the so-called "Caucasian race." The colour-line for killing can not very well be done away with by mere identity of uniform when the black or the yellow peoples are involved with the white. But the very fact that my proposition does not pretend to affect the whole world, being good only as far as it goes, should commend it as a restrained and sober suggestion, and not a foolish Utopian dream.

So it is not without some little self-satisfaction that I submit my proposal to the consideration of the white peoples of the globe. But, at the same time, I am unable to repress a certain sense of uneasiness concerning its reception, for I know full well that it labours under one fatal handicap, and that is—it *would work*. I am, etc..

New York City.

CHARLES P. FAGNANI.

BOOKS.

THE CONFESSIONS OF JAMES JOYCE.

MR. JAMES JOYCE'S "Ulysses" belongs to that class of literature which has always aroused more interest than any other. Although "Ulysses" is new and original in its form, it is old in its class or type: it actually, if not obviously, belongs to the Confession class of literature, and although everything in it takes place in less than twenty-four hours, it really contains the life of a man. It is the Confessions of James Joyce, a most sincere and cunningly-wrought autobiographical book; it is as if he had said, "Here I am; here is what country and race have bred me, what religion and life and literature have done to me." Not only his previous book, "Portrait of the Artist," but all of Joyce's work, gives the impression of being literally derived from experience; and from internal evidence in "Ulysses," notably the conversation of Stephen Dedalus on Shakespeare in

the National Library, one suspects that Joyce believes only in the autobiographical in art.

Such being the nature of the book, it is clear that the difficulty of comprehending it will not be allowed to stand in the way by anybody who can get possession of it. Joyce has so many strange things to say that people would struggle to understand him, no matter in what form or tongue he wrote. Yet the difficulties in the way are very real; "Ulysses" is one of the most racial books ever written, and one of the most Catholic books ever written; this in spite of the fact that one would not be surprised to hear that some official of the Irish Government or of the Church had ordered it to be publicly burned. It hardly seems possible that it can be really understood by anybody not brought up in the half-secret tradition of the heroism, tragedy, folly and anger of Irish nationalism, or unfamiliar with the philosophy, history and rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church; or by one who does not know Dublin and certain conspicuous Dubliners. The author himself takes no pains at all to make it easy of comprehension. Then, too, the book presupposes a knowledge of many literatures; a knowledge which for some reason, perhaps the cheapness of leisure, is not uncommon in Dublin, and, for whatever reason, perhaps the dearthness of leisure, is rather uncommon in New York. In addition, it is almost an encyclopædia of odd bits and forms of knowledge; for the author has a mind of the most restless curiosity, and no sort of knowledge is alien to him.

"Ulysses" is a kind of epic of Dublin. Never was a city so involved in the workings of any writer's mind as Dublin is in Joyce's; he can think only in terms of it. In his views of newspaper-offices, public houses, the National Library, the streets, the cemetery, he has got the psychology of that battered, beautiful eighteenth-century city in its last years of servitude, when, as Padraic Pearse said, using Geoffrey Keating's words, Ireland was "the harlot of England." "Ulysses" is a record of a certain number of hours—fewer than twenty-four—in the lives of Stephen Dedalus, the hero of "Portrait of the Artist," and Leopold Bloom, and of a shorter space of time in the lives of certain other Dubliners, nearly all of whom are called by their real names. The day opens in a disused Government tower by the sea a few miles outside Dublin, occupied for the summer by a few young men as their bathing-quarters. In this first brilliant, blasphemous section, we have Stephen, Malachi Mulligan, and an Englishman called Haines. The key to the life and mind of Stephen is in these first pages.

Stephen, an elbow raised against the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow . . . pain that was not yet the pain of love fretted his heart. Silently as in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes, giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful . . . a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across his threadbare cuff-edge he saw the sea, hailed as a great sweet mother by the well-fed voice beside him.

Wherever Stephen comes in, we have the vision of his dying mother; her death was the great episode of his life. True to his race, death is the one thing that rocks him to the foundations of his being; *la gloire* may be the great emotional interest of the French, love of the English, but death is that of the Celt. Stephen further reveals himself in the conversation with Haines the Englishman. "I am the servant of two masters . . . an English and an Italian . . . the imperial British State and the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church."

He is the servant of these two; and where has the peculiar spiritual humiliation that the English occupa-

¹ "Ulysses." James Joyce. Paris: The Shakespeare Press.

tion of Ireland inflicted on sensitive and brilliant Irishmen ever been expressed as in this book? Where has the æsthetic and intellectual fascination of the Roman Catholic Church ever found subtler fascination? "The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells . . . *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam!* The slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts." Has the Catholic Church ever been described with such eloquence as in the paragraph that has that beginning?

The slender portrait of Haines, the Englishman friendly to Ireland, given in this section, is done with a subtlety beside which Shaw's Broadbent is a crude daub. Stephen regards him with a suspicion and contempt that in their sinuosities never once become either hatred or tolerance. The lines with which he is drawn are barely visible—a rambling conversation, some words of description, a few jagged phrases in Stephen's subconsciousness, some of which must be cryptic to non-Irish readers, like those in which his mind takes farewell of him. "Horn of a bull . . . hoof of a horse . . . smile of a Saxon"—a variant of that old Irish proverb muttered by nurses in the ears of their sleeping charges: "Of three things beware; the teeth of a dog, the horns of a bull, the word of an Englishman."

Stephen leaves the tower to go to his task of giving lessons in a Unionist school. As he leaves after a conversation with the head master on many things, including Jews, the head master runs after him to inform him that the reason Ireland has the reputation of being the only country which never persecuted Jews, is that she never let them in. Then with delicate irony, we are given, in a few sections later, almost the whole history of modern Ireland and of Dublin, as it passes through the subconsciousness of a Jew, Leopold Bloom, a typical and perfect Dubliner in spite of the sex-obsession with which Joyce endows him in common with all his other characters. Bloom and Stephen, like good Dubliners, parade over the whole city in the course of the day; Bloom's itinerary brings him from the north side, Stephen's from the south side. They almost meet at various places, are actually in the newspaper-office and in the library at the same time; finally, at night they do meet in a brothel in a low part of the city. There Stephen has a fight with two English soldiers, and is rescued from the hands of the police by the tact of Bloom. He and Bloom then stroll around the north side of the city, and have coffee in a cabman's shelter which is supposed to be run by "Skin-the-Goat," that mysterious character in the history of Irish attacks upon English authority. Bloom then takes Stephen to his own home for a cup of cocoa, and the episodes of the book end at about three in the morning, some twenty hours from the time when the story begins.

There is little in the way of incident, but everything in the way of revelation of life and character. Joyce gives us the characters of Stephen and Bloom as they appear externally and in their own subconsciousness. One of the remarkable feats of the book is the manner in which the separate subconsciousnesses of Stephen and Bloom are revealed, with every aimless thought, every half-formed idea and every unformed phrase indicative of their separate character and personality, and of the influences that have gone into their making. This is most marked when they think of the same things. Stephen's mind, young, sad, visionary, is held in a fast grip by the books he has read; his emotions are all locked up by the one overwhelming emotion—his mother's death in sordid poverty. Men and things

pass through his consciousness in vivid imaginative pictures; his whole temper is coloured by the humiliations he has undergone; his mind is so sensitive that everything is impressed upon it as with a branding-iron. Bloom's mind is bright, jerky, limited; uninformed by literature, but strongly affected by music, and concerned mostly with concrete things. Bloom is drawn with the most careful solicitude for every shade of his character and with a humour that is all-embracing, and yet never approaching the extravagant. He is so real that no Dubliner can fail to recognize in him a father or an uncle—with his plans for improving the city, the extreme political views of his youth when he was more advanced than Michael Davitt, the milder ones of his middle-age (though his wife speaks resentfully of his taking up with Sinn Feiners), his attempts to be fair to the English, as becomes a sensible man, his conviction that he can invent something, or anyhow compose a song for the pantomime, his dash of artistry, his sketchy occupation, his industrious idleness, his anxiety over getting a free pass for something or other—a railway journey, a concert, or a voyage to England. There is also a subtly suggested foreignness about Bloom, particularly in the sections where he goes to drink in public houses with other middle-aged Dubliners; and there is a striking passage where Bloom, remembering the other race to which he belongs, comes out with a quite impressive philosophy of life. He is the one character whom Joyce really loves and whom he endows with kindness; and we remember his terrible concern for Mrs. Beaufoy who has spent three days in childbirth, and his buying biscuits to feed wild birds, and his care for the blind boy whom he meets in the street.

Almost every section of the book has a different form and manner. The account of events in Barney Kiernan's public house is given by one of the bar-haunters in the vivid and circumstantial parlance of a public-house idler, interlarded with mock-epical narration. There is a point where the rage against Bloom for not treating mounts up to a quarrel, and a peacemaker gets them all off on a jaunting car, followed by the citizen's barking mongrel, "and all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation around the door, and Martin telling the jarvey to drive ahead, and the citizen bawling, and Alf and Joe at him to whisht."

The scene in the hospital where Bloom goes to see Mrs. Beaufoy is described in parodies of almost every style of narrative in English, from Latin and Anglo-Saxon to the method of the Irish provincial reporter; an accomplishment in itself possible only to a man with a minutely technical knowledge of the development of the language. From this half-way chapter to the end, "Ulysses" ceases to be of paramount literary interest; to what extent a writer can parody different styles in the historic development of English is not of literary interest, it is of scientific interest. The catechism relating to Bloom and Stephen, being merely informing, is not of literary interest. The revelation of the mind of Marion Bloom in the last section would doubtless interest the laboratory, but to normal people it would seem an exhibition of the mind of a female gorilla who has been corrupted by contact with humans. The Walpurgis night scene (not called by that name) is too long and too incomprehensible; one feels that Joyce has here driven his mind too far beyond the boundary-line that separates fantasy and grotesquerie from pure madness. For the enlightenment of readers who may never see the book, it may be said that this scene is written in a manner somewhat like the second part of Goethe's "Faust." It takes place in a brothel; real people jostle

against folk resurrected from the grave, ideas and thoughts that came to Stephen and Bloom during the course of the day take material form and join in the talk, as ideas and concepts do in "Faust." There is a salient abutting on the real and the fantastical, where they all meet, jumble in and out of each other's consciousness and subconsciousness, and disappear. For Stephen there appears inevitably the vision of his mother, as well as Shakespeare and old Gummy Granny (a satirical impersonation of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan). It is in parts wonderful, terribly impressive and revealing, but the prolonged scene gives too much the impression of a feat of intellectual and psychological gymnastics.

One of the chief occupations of critics of this book is making parallels between the sections and characters of "Ulysses," and the Odyssey. The chief reason for this performance is that the author exhibits a notebook with all these parallels and many other symbolical explanations. When it comes to symbolizing, authors have from all time talked the greatest nonsense; think of the nonsense that Goethe achieved when explaining the second part of "Faust"! Just as plausible correspondences could be made between "Faust" and "Ulysses" as between the Odyssey and "Ulysses."

What actually has James Joyce accomplished in this monumental work? He has achieved what comes pretty near to being a satire on all literature. He has written down a page of his country's history. He has given the minds of a couple of men with a kind of actuality not hitherto found in literature. He has given us an impression of his own life and mind such as no other writer has given before; not even Rousseau, whom he resembles.

The Confession-mind in literature is of two classes. We have the Saint Augustine-Tolstoy type and the Rousseau-Strindberg-Joyce type. The difference between Rousseau and Joyce is, of course, extraordinary, but the resemblances are also extraordinary—a psychoanalyst would say they had the same complexes. Like Rousseau, Joyce derives everything from his own ego; he lives in a narrow world in which he himself is not only the poles, but the equator and the parallels of latitude and longitude; like Rousseau, he has a passion, not only for revealing himself, but for betraying himself; like him also, he deforms everything he touches. Joyce's method of deforming is chiefly with a sexual smear; where Rousseau romanticizes, Joyce de-romanticizes. In Joyce, as in Rousseau, we find at its highest a quality which in lesser men is the peculiar fault of the literature of their time; in Rousseau this was sentimentalism, in Joyce it is intellectualism. In the quality of pure intellect, whilst one remembers that a man can be a great writer with little intellect, Joyce is probably unsurpassed by any living writer. Some attempt is being made by admirers to absolve Joyce from accusations of obscenity in this book. Why attempt to absolve him? It is obscene, bawdy, corrupt. But it is doubtful that obscenity in literature ever really corrupted anybody. The alarming thing about "Ulysses" is very different; it is that it shows the amazing inroads that science is making on literature. Mr. Joyce's book is of as much interest as science as it is as literature; in some parts it is of purely scientific and non-artistic interest. It seems to me a real and not a fantastic fear that science will oust literature altogether as a part of human expression; and from that point of view "Ulysses" is a dangerous indication. From that point of view, also, I do not consider it as important to literature as "Portrait of the Artist." After "Ulysses," I can not see how anyone can go on calling books written

in the subconscious method, novels. It is as plain as day that a new literary form has appeared, from which the accepted form of the novel has nothing to fear; the novel is as distinct from this form as in his day Samuel Richardson's invention was from the drama.

MARY M. COLUM.

THE SCIENCE OF UNCERTAINTY.

A NOTED educator once said that what we need to-day are minds sufficiently fresh and inquisitive to assimilate the technique of learning without being deadened and subordinated by its processes. But think of what he asked: that the college graduate should be as eager to touch and feel and know the world for himself as the child of eight; that the doctors of science should turn as fresh an eye upon the mysteries of creation as though they had never heard of a chromosome! Well, even so, it seems that the educator did not ask the impossible. Actual innovators of knowledge often possess a capacity to reconstitute their hypotheses, to question their assumptions, with a thoroughness that mere disciples, converts of special theories, can hardly realize. Their creative and untamable minds emerge unfatigued from the most scholarly researches with the sort of tentative but concentrated playfulness that characterizes a good locksmith trying to find the one combination among the possible thousands by which an intricately sealed safe-door may be released. For all they know, the world may turn out to be almost any sort of place; it is young and affords possibilities of mental adventure that the undisciplined adolescent is not equipped to suspect.

To be a master of learning in such a sense requires not only sheer brains, not only a delight in the "hardness and glitter" of advanced and technical thinking, but something also of the poet. The inventor of a new mathematics puts himself into the pervasive and systematic harmonies that he reveals. He is impelled to consider the devices of thought not as finalities but as instruments for carving some fresh wonder, some more organic beauty from the inchoate vast of ignorance.

To detect this spirit of plastic power and humility even at a distance is one of the most thrilling spiritual experiences yielded by philosophy. One gets it from Mr. John Maynard Keynes's "Treatise on Probability." Yes, the same Mr. Keynes whose "Economic Consequences of the Peace" has made his name so familiar to the public. He began a doctor's thesis long before the war, and these problems of probability have been running back and forth between his subconsciousness and his conscious attention ever since. For sheer "hardness and glitter," this tremendous work will rank among the few great theses upon the subject, and it is safe to say that no other thinker has so exhausted the previous contributions in this field. Its appeal will be rendered somewhat wider by the fact that, in spite of whole chapters devoted to demonstrations of theorems in the calculus of probabilities, and the liberal sprinkling of this symbolic language throughout the book, nearly all of Mr. Keynes's broader conclusions can be reached without recourse to higher mathematics. One infers that he himself is quite as much interested in the philosophic aspects of the problem as in those which are capable of exact numerical treatment.

Mr. Keynes is perhaps keenest where he cautions thinkers against an irrational application of mathematical principles to questions of probability. He shows that statistical inference and the principle of indifference are easily and frequently employed in a way to lead to fallacious results. His conclusions are relevant for thinkers generally, because estimations of likelihood enter into all thinking. Induction itself is a problem of probability, for under the most favourable circumstances it can yield only a maximum probability—never certainty. If, however, inductions are made in accordance with his theories of "increasing the negative analogy," and so on, the result may represent a very high degree of probability.

What then, after all, is our assurance of knowledge; what

¹ "Treatise on Probability." John Maynard Keynes. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.

do we know directly and what, on the other hand, are we forced to infer? Many, perhaps all, of our inferences are founded on the uniformity of Nature. What do we mean by this, and are we justified in such an assumption? In some cases, or in all? What lies behind our idea of necessary causes? Is Nature a system? Is it composed of what Mr. Keynes calls "legal atoms," or of organic units? Is it like a game of chance, from which so many of our theories of probability are deduced, resembling an urn from which we draw at random black or white balls, or is it different in different aspects? Are these aspects in any way connected? It is in dealing with such questions as these that Mr. Keynes's originality and suppleness of mind are apparent, in contrast to those who, shut in with a rigid set of formulae, never venture into the exciting and disconcerting region of their own assumptions. His estimation of what constitutes direct knowledge will hardly satisfy those who approach this matter with a deeper knowledge of genetic psychology, but he recognizes that the science of epistemology is still in a sadly undeveloped condition. What he has done is to make a real as well as a scholarly contribution to the methods of logic.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

ROADS OF DOUBT.

ON 23 November, 1917, Maxim Gorky, writing in the Petrograd *Novaya Zhizn*, spoke of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin simply as "a Napoleon of Socialism," "a boss," "a Russian *barin*" having "certain moral traits of the fallen *barin* class," "a slave of dogma" for whom "the working class is as raw material for the metallurgist," "a man of exceptional force," but a leader of persons in a fair way of "destroying the best elements among the workers and of arresting for a long period the normal development of the Russian revolution." By 20 July, 1920, Lenin had become in Gorky's eyes "a great man and an honest man" to whom "nothing that is human is foreign" and whose "whole aim in life is the happiness of humanity"; "a Puritan" whose "private life is such that in an age of great religious faith he would have been regarded as a saint"; an "idealist" who addresses a meeting of workers "in tones extremely simple, with a tongue of iron, with the logic of an ax," without "offensive demagoguery or any banal searching for fine phrases"; and, finally, "the man who is striving to transform the potential energy of the slow-footed masses of Russia into effective energy."

Between these two portraits, sketched two years and eight months apart, lies the road of doubt and scepticism that Gorky trod before he became convinced that the Lenin-Trotsky regime was, for Russia, the only alternative to chaos and bloody reaction.

These collected writings and addresses¹ cover almost the whole period of the revolution from the March, or bourgeois, overturn of 1917, up to the middle of 1920, by which time the Communist Government had become firmly established. They form a sort of desultory diary, in which the entries are irritable, hopeful, despairing, tranquil, scolding, according to the mood of the writer at the moment when he set them down. But we who were outside and who have so often wondered how those days of wrath must have appeared to a sensitive spectator may be glad that they are so; for we are thus enabled to form some idea of what took place in the mind not only of a Russian and an ardent revolutionist but of Maxim Gorky.

But the book is more than a diary; it has the effect of an impressionistic motion-picture film recording events and processes of which previously we have heard but vaguely, or of the complete score of an opera upon which certain critics have commented, but of which we have heard only fugitive airs.

Scattered though they are, Gorky's articles present a fairly complete panorama of the shifting thoughts and emotions that doubtless possessed many men's minds during the first three years of the revolution: the tormenting doubt that the right path had been chosen; the distrust of one's neighbour; the unleashing of passions and in-

stincts long held under forcible, unnatural restraint; the parading of swollen egotisms; and the exhibition of all the vanities, poses and humbuggeries that obtrude wherever human beings are presented in the mass.

There are times when Gorky appears too pessimistic. He loses his sense of proportion. He is occasionally confused because, albeit he stands a little to one side, he is immersed in the smoke and dust that followed upon the crash of the monarchy. Some of the things that occur, even in the houses of his friends, revolt him. He becomes exasperated because the revolution simply refuses to go along in a lofty and noble fashion. His voice takes on a strident note curiously like that of George Washington, who, in his letters, more than once complained to his friends that the patriots in his army seemed to prefer robbing hen-roosts to fighting the British for freedom.

Very early in the revolution Gorky seems to have set himself to watch over its course. The task does not seem to have been a happy one. In one of his first articles, appearing in *Lietopsis* of February-April, 1917, he sounds a note of foreboding.

The old order of things [he declared] is destroyed materially, but morally it continues to dwell in the midst of us and within us. The hundred-headed hydra of ignorance, of barbarism, of stupidity, of cowardice, of thick-headedness, is not killed; it is only beguiled; it is hidden, but it has not lost the capacity of devouring living souls.

Again and again Gorky returns to this theme. There yet remain, he asserts, abysses of cruelty, suspicion, and laziness in the Russian soul, inheritances from the Tsarist regime. These, he contends, must be bridged by education and science, if the Russian, who has never learned self-respect, is to walk the earth with his back straight and his eyes to the front.

Almost immediately after the bourgeois revolution in March, Gorky believed he saw a conflict impending. Russia seemed to him to be hesitating between two paths, one leading to the active life engendered by Western scientific education, and the other to the passive resignation of Orientalism. He was appalled by a perceptible drift towards what he called "the decomposing influence of Oriental thought." To him the conflict was between Western and Eastern ideas. He threw all the weight of his influence on the side of the former, devoting several of his longest articles to the laudation of "European science" and the condemnation of "Asiatic indolence." So anxious was he to force Russian thought westward, that his praise of the gifts of science and his scorn of Oriental dreaminess both seem overdrawn. A not inconsiderable number of persons living in Western countries to-day have begun to be a little sceptical of the wondrous gifts of science and somewhat doubtful of the benefits of a civilization that has become almost completely mechanized; and they wonder if a little Eastern calm and reflectiveness could not be effectively introduced into our headlong life before we are caught and broken on the wheel of our ingenious and costly machines. But that a civilization might possibly combine the best qualities of both the East and West, does not seem to have occurred to Gorky.

When the Bolshevik revolution of October, 1917, occurred, Gorky laid upon himself a new task: that of compelling the now dominant industrial proletariat to recognize the value of scientists, artists, and other intellectuals, and of combating the selfishness and narrowness of the now powerful peasant-class. He is very critical of the Bolsheviks and repeatedly denounces what he declares to be unnecessary cruelties and repressions. It is during this period that he arraigns both Lenin and Trotsky and all their works.

Not until the end of the world-war has been announced does he attain a calmer mood. Then, in November, 1918, he writes:

I have been an adversary of the Government, and I am still in disagreement with it in regard to its methods. But I know that the historians of the future, when they estimate the value of the task accomplished by the Russian workers in the course of one year, can not fail to admire the splendour of their creative labour in the domain of culture.

¹ "Ecrits de Révolution," Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by André Pierre. Paris: Librairie Stock.

But there is a reason for Gorky's mind being more at ease; Russia has "orientated" herself toward the West! The Bolsheviki have laid hands upon the decrepit old carcass, and, though their grip has been unnecessarily harsh, they have somehow pushed, tugged and booted her across the great divide: they have saved her for the West!

When, finally, we find Gorky's name appearing in the *International Communist*, he is almost tranquil. He has accepted Bolshevik rule as a fact, and has small patience with supporters of the old regime who write to him complaining of present rigours. To one of them, a lady, he replies: "You have spoken too late. The days of expiation have come."

Throughout this collection of articles, Gorky wrote in various moods. He was not always fair, and frequently he wrote from prejudice; but at other times his severest epithets were doubtless deserved. His contribution to the revolution was the unfurling of a banner on which ideals were inscribed. He set a standard of honesty, plain speaking and decency by which he demanded that all revolutionists should live. Because of this and because Gorky thought and wrote bravely about it, the Russian revolution is doubtless a notch higher in the scale of humanity than it would otherwise have been.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE interest of the first half-dozen essays in M. Romain Rolland's "Musical Tour"¹ is rather more literary than musical; and they are by no means free from the sentimentality and "writing up" that sometimes mar his "Jean-Christophe" and his life of Beethoven. The sketches of Handel and Metastasio are vivid; Pepys, plentifully quoted from the "Diary," is as naively amusing on the musical capacities of his wife and his maid-servant as on most other things; and studies of the beginnings of the romantic modern style, in the period following J. S. Bach, give a human reality to a time of great importance to present-day music. But by far the most interesting paper, from a musical standpoint, is the last, "A Musical Tour Across Europe in the Eighteenth Century"; an account chiefly of the Italianization of taste in German cities recorded by Charles Burney after his tour of 1770-1772. The great Bach had died two decades earlier. He was then remembered chiefly as an organist and teacher, and current ideals of style had been so "modernized" (we of to-day should say "debased") that his own son, Philip Emanuel Bach, told Burney he considered the canonic way of writing "dry and pretentious," and regarded it as "a defect of genius to abandon oneself to these dreary and insignificant studies." This was doubtless the opinion of Hasse, an Italianized German contemporary of J. S. Bach, whose fame exceeded his, as Spohr's later exceeded Beethoven's. In Berlin, Burney witnessed what may be described as one of the most distressing Prussian "atrocities" on record: Emperor Frederick the Great playing to his court on the flute, every afternoon, from the three hundred flute-concertos that his Italianate court-composer Quantz had composed for him. "The Court listened in resignation," says M. Rolland, "and it was forbidden to betray the least sign of approbation. The contrary eventuality had not been foreseen."

D. G. M.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN has one of those clever, scintillating, but at the same time shallow, personalities which are so often to be met with in fashionable circles. All her aspirations, be they literary, artistic, or political, have perforce to pass through the stereotyped manner of expression which is one of the favourite prerogatives of the English upper classes. There is indeed something about the versatility and graceful effrontery of her talents that suggest the quick movements and showy surface of an ephemera. In whatever country she moves she carries with her the same uncertain affectations, the same egocentric self-consciousness. One at last even finds oneself growing suspicious of her revolutionary sympathies: for surely, were they really genuine and free from the taint of pose she would find it impossible to indulge in such mock heroics as we come upon from time to time in these diaries,² which were, as a matter of fact, written for publication. After her lecture on Russia at Aeolian Hall she observes: "The more I look back on what I've done the more it frightens me. I

wonder how I ever skated on thin ice as I did"; and after having looked over the Chalfont Steel Pipe Works she has no qualm in writing: "I saw no faces of disaffection but I minded being looked upon by them as a curious idler—did they but know—!" The diary, though it can not be said to reveal any very refined or distinguished attitude towards life, has at least the merit of being "chatty" in that peculiarly indiscreet way that seems to come so easily to certain quick-witted Englishwomen of the present day who, in their desire for personal notoriety, have taken to this form of writing. It will doubtless be amusing to some readers to learn that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is known across the water as the "Kingfisher," or that in a game of charades at the Coffee House Club Mr. Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, was "done out of his Trotzy kiss," or that in the opinion of Mrs. Sheridan Mr. Sinclair Lewis is the Thackeray of the United States. One turns with relief to her descriptions of the physiognomies of the more interesting people with whom she has come in contact. Perhaps her gift for plastic art helps her here.

LL. P.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

THREE weeks ago I ventured to suggest that the younger generation is not quite wholly to blame for its literary and artistic aberrations, and that if it had had the benefit of continuity and progress in criticism, it might do better; and now the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Burton Rascoe, seems inclined to regard me as a sort of Jeremiah, and to have his doubts about me. This in itself is not important; the mere question of who is right and who is wrong, is never worth discussion. The incident, however, brings out collaterally a couple of matters that deserve attention. The first one is that Mr. Rascoe has by his comment quite unconsciously shown himself a conspicuous victim of the conditions that I describe, and therefore really quite well establishes the validity of my observations. Not long ago, Mr. Eliot of Harvard put the pith of my contention in a few words by saying that "very few Americans can hear straight or see straight. It is striking, how incompetent they are in these directions." Mr. Eliot observed further that this peculiar incompetence is a phenomenon of the last thirty years, and was inclined to ascribe it to certain defects in our educational system. My belief is that in literary matters, much of this incompetence is due to the lapse in proper criticism; and the case of Mr. Rascoe goes a long way towards bearing out this belief.

ONE who had not kept an eye on such developments would hardly believe it possible, but the fact is that Mr. Rascoe, in devoting a whole column to what he thinks I said, never once manages to touch anything that I actually did say, or to come anywhere near it. His column, therefore, is a straight, continuous misrepresentation; and the point I make is that it is an ingenuous, an *innocent* misrepresentation. Mr. Rascoe is not vexed or ruffled, he does not write controversially, or even very definitely take issue with me. On the contrary, he writes in a kind and friendly fashion. He simply does not know what I said; he can not discern what I said, even while he is looking at it. He knows what he thinks I said, and devotes himself to that; but of what I actually did say, he knows nothing. Here, then, I venture to think, is a first-class example of the kind of aberration that Mr. Eliot has observed, and that I have observed with increasing frequency; and I venture further to think that proper criticism, criticism which should do for American letters what that of Lessing and Herder did for German letters, would have tended powerfully to correct it.

It would be pointless as well as unkind to examine Mr. Rascoe's words too closely; but it is fair to give a specimen or two of the kind of thing he does. He brings forward three young friends, Messrs. Wilson, Seldes and Dos Passos, and institutes a comparison between their attainments and mine. He doubts that I am "really more cultured than Dos Passos, have more affection for the classics than Wilson, or am more sincerely interested in the things of the mind than Seldes." All this I readily

¹ "A Musical Tour Through the Land of the Past." Romain Rolland. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

² "My American Diary." Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

concede, but it is far beside the point. The whole point of my observations was that it seems unfortunate that these gentlemen should not have had advantages for obtaining their culture and stimulating their interest, that were at least as good as those I had. If Mr. Dos Passos has gotten great culture, it is too bad that he had to get it against wind and tide instead of with them, as they were with me largely, when I set about getting mine. If Mr. Wilson loves the classics and Mr. Seldes is interested in the things of the mind, it is unfortunate that their sensibilities have less practical encouragement and reinforcement from current criticism than mine had. What use I chose to make of my advantages is not at all to the point; alas! I know far better than anyone can tell me, how little I have appropriated of the inexhaustible substance and spirit of classical literature. Nor is it more to the point to show how splendidly these three young men have triumphed over their disadvantages. The thing is, simply, as I said, that I had the advantages and these gentlemen the disadvantages; that is all. There were influences and intimations all about me tending to show the loveliness and desirability of culture and to attract one towards it; and so little idea has Mr. Rascoe of anything of the kind that he actually imagines me contemplating the provision of "birch-men to tame the temper and discipline the will of the youngsters with Matthew Arnold, Emerson and Sainte-Beuve"!

AGAIN, Mr. Rascoe astonishes me by the implication of despair that he imports into my words. I do not despair of the younger generation; I have repeatedly said that I marvel that under the circumstances they do as well as they do. I do not even despair of Mr. Rascoe, any more than did Joseph de Maistre of the flatulent young man who declared that God had created Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe. The forces of nature, the self-preserving instinct of humanity, work towards true culture. They will do so whether we co-operate with them or not; *the stars in their courses fight against Sisera*. Nevertheless, co-operation is possible and it is highly advantageous, and as time goes on, more and more of us will discern this advantage. I firmly believe that the younger generation will discern it, that Mr. Rascoe will discern it, and that we shall some day see him listening intently for the voice of this instinct and abiding its utterance, instead of, as now, choosing rather to drown it with the resonance of his own whoopings. In suggesting that critics of my own generation might furnish a little closer co-operation with the forces of nature than they have hitherto given, I by no means despair of anybody. There is nothing in anyone's situation that even remotely suggests despair, and I am as far as possible from intimating anything of the kind.

STRANGEST thing of all! In disparaging what he calls the enormity of my accusation, Mr. Rascoe actually takes words out of my own mouth, he actually takes my own view of this failure in co-operation, and attempts to confute me with it. He says that the critics of my day, such as Mr. Babbitt, Mr. More, Mr. Brownell, "all had the hall-marks of that culture . . . but it was, to the younger generation, ashes in the mouth." Why, naturally; of course it was. Mr. Rascoe here intimates precisely what I have all along maintained. The critics of my day were apparently unaware that it is not enough to have culture, but that one must also have the passion for making it prevail. The critics who came before us *humanized* culture through the force of this animating passion, and those who followed them did not; and herein consists precisely the advantage, of which I have all along been speaking, that the youth of my generation possessed over Mr. Rascoe, Mr. Wilson and their associates. No one could have been more explicit than I in making this clear. It is here that my contemporaries failed to co-operate with the self-preserving instinct of the race. Well, then, if I can prevail on my contemporaries to do something even at this late day towards remedying this failure, to be no longer content with loving

and possessing culture, but to generate in themselves a passion for making culture in the best sense popular—if I do this, ought not Mr. Rascoe and his culture-loving associates, instead of disparaging my efforts, rather praise them as tending to meet their chief complaint?

THE disability that Mr. Eliot speaks of, the disability under which Mr. Rascoe so conspicuously labours, must be kept as clearly in mind when Mr. Rascoe deals with matters of opinion as when he deals with matters of fact. For instance, he says he is afraid that what I mean is "that the present generation does not refer frequently to his old friends Pecksniff and Podsnap, Scylla and Charybdis. . . . He need not fear that he is talking over the heads of the younger men. He may drag in Tartuffe, Procrustes, Rhadamanthus . . . and we shall not fail to understand him"—and so on, to some length. If this came from an adult mind, one would say that it is vulgarity, perhaps the very height of vulgarity; but not when it comes from Mr. Rascoe. I have no manner of doubt that he is wholly sincere, that he really has this grotesque and astonishing opinion, and that his apparent vulgarity is simply the naïve and sometimes embarrassing frankness of a child. Instead of considering the opinion itself, therefore, the thing is to consider how natural it is that Mr. Rascoe should have opinions of just that quality, just that degree of relevance, and to do all in one's power to create circumstances under which it might be possible for him to do better.

BUT my readers may ask, why dwell so at length upon Mr. Rascoe's disability? First, because it is typical. With what I have said in mind, my readers will be prepared to extend its application very far; farther, probably, than they suspect. Second (and this is the other point of interest which at the outset I promised to bring out), because Mr. Burton Rascoe is not a private person. He occupies a position as responsible as my own. He is the literary editor of a metropolitan paper; his is the place once held by George Ripley. Many persons look to him for aid in forming literary judgments, even if no more than those involved in the purchase of a book. It should be brought out clearly, therefore, that such aid as Mr. Rascoe is able to furnish is of little value; and just as clearly, too, that Mr. Rascoe is not wholly, or even largely, to blame that it is so. Mr. Rascoe has shown himself grossly and preposterously unable to read a page and a half of plain English prose and get correctly or even approximately one single idea that he found expressed there. One asks oneself at once, of what possible value would be any literary judgment of such a person? No wonder that he should prefer the lyrics of Miss Wylie and Miss Millay (which I am most desirous to be understood as not disparaging) to certain portions of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," or that Lucifer's speech should leave him "rather cold." Mr. Rascoe says the younger generation "is intent upon achieving a spiritual guidance at which it is not constrained to sneer." Precisely so—and this is what it gets!

I MAINTAIN, however, that a phenomenon like Mr. Rascoe must be accounted for more substantially than by the assumption of mere humptiousness; and this brings me back to my notion that a criticism is needed which shall stand in the classical tradition, and which should proceed by orderly steps from the point where it stopped a generation ago. I wish that Mr. Rascoe could be induced to join me in this desire. He might, however, say that when I leave off expostulating with other people for not making culture attractive, and begin myself to try to make it attractive, he will then consider joining me. This would be just and by no means inurbane; and if Mr. Rascoe chooses to say it, he will have me much embarrassed. Hence I think I must hereafter try to propitiate him by saying no more about what criticism should be and how it should be practised, but to make some sort of effort, for better or worse, to practise it myself.

THE summer season provides excuse for all kinds of doing, thinking and writing; the silly season, it used to be called. Let us illustrate.

At the moment of writing, an ungente brass band is parading the streets of New York braying forth popular melodies. Those whose curiosity is provoked discover that the music is advertising a new motion-picture. One wonders how bad the picture is which requires such *réclame*!

This evening's newspaper prints a Kentucky dispatch (credit is due to the Associated Press) announcing the passing away of a man of 134 years. We pause to regret his untimely taking-off, but our feeling changes to one of mild surprise upon reading that the deceased is mourned by two sons, aged respectively ninety and—seven.

Such occurrences are rare in the winter and spring!

The summer, however, seems not to affect the exuberant testimony of the *Freeman's* readers. One, in Paris, scolds himself for dilatoriness in renewing his subscription and us for not notifying him earlier, asks for the numbers he missed, and writes:

And tell me something: how do you produce that prose full of the bouquet of finest vintages—Clos-Vougeot, Romance-Conti, Lafitte, Haut-Brion, Margaux (to say nothing of an occasional sip of super-sweet Yquem)—on the sort of stuff obtainable in the American market?

Will he believe us if we tell him that the *Freeman* office invites the dry-agents' inspection?

From Los Angeles, 6000 miles or so from Paris, comes this note, in a somewhat different key:

The budget-balancing hardships of these post-war days, have forced me to classify all personal expenses either as necessities or luxuries and to forgo as many of the former as possible. The *Freeman*, however, is one necessity I can not forgo. I have tried and failed. It so expresses, justifies and clarifies my self-righteousness that I must have it even though it knocks my fiscal programme galley-west.

Again the influence of environment on conduct! An American in Paris is gayer than an American in Los Angeles. One thinks in terms of the grape, the other of budgets. The Pacific coast recalls a card from the man who complained, on this page, of Spokane's cultural sterility. He writes us from Everett, Wash.:

This is what I call a *live* town. I had not been here an hour, had not walked half way up the main street, until I discovered the current *Freeman* on two news stands.

That, and the view above Eagle Falls which covers the other side of the card, will move us to consider Everett when we emigrate to the Golden West.

Oddly enough, the Middle West seems to unite the ideas of Paris and Los Angeles—mixed wine and budget—as witness the declaration of our friend in Berwyn, Illinois:

My access to the *Freeman* has been too irregular and uncertain to be satisfactory. While I can hardly afford the price—though it is no higher than

the prices of other necessities—to miss a single number is a loss irreparable and unendurable. This is my excuse for the extravagance of a year's subscription. What matters it that Bryan has taken away our Burgundy since you distribute weekly the very best of champagne?

This professor at a university in New York State (we prefer not to be too accurate—professors get into trouble so easily!) does us too much honour, but we like his flattery:

Many thanks for sending to me every week the honestest—perhaps the *only* honest paper in the United States. I'm an old foggy teacher of the 'Classics,' but there are still times when the modern world seems very much with me; and for an absolutely honest and fearless interpretation of my own world I have come to depend absolutely on you. As a consistent teacher of the *ideas* of the Classics and never, I hope, a mere 'ground-grinder,' I have tried for years to 'put across' (I use the campus vernacular!) the ideals of liberty—what a horribly misunderstood word! and of socialism as found in the Sermon on the Mount. I haven't 'sold my ideas'—here you see the business vernacular!—to many; but your journal is a constant inspiration to honest soul-searching, and, if you made the subscription-price \$50 the year, I should give up lunches—we teachers are grossly overfed anyway!—to take the *Freeman*.

A corrective to the exaltation in which the professor's letter leaves us may be found in the warning note that sounds in this greeting from the Riverside Drive of our own home town:

What a fascinating treat the *Freeman* is every week. I cuss it—and boost it. It 'gets' your goat—and your heart and mind. Who worries about Volstead—with this stimulant at hand! No dark brown mental taste after it, either. Here's hoping you survive that initial success—which kills so many whose skulls are too elastic and too balloony from praise.

(Always the changes are rung on the drink question!) More serious is our Easton, Maryland, correspondent:

It augurs well for the future of our country when publications like the *Freeman* are constantly striving to improve political affiliations, precedents and worn-out traditions, yet ever mindful of patriotic duty, honest impulse and moral obligations, seek the path that leads to the higher and nobler things of this life.

Professor Lowie's papers in this and next week's issues will doubtless appeal to the writer just quoted. Which reminds us that the subject of the State is to come in for further treatment in the *Freeman* soon.

We enjoy printing the comment of a master craftsman whose devotion to the "art preservative" has spread his fame, through his work, far beyond the limits of Cleveland, Ohio:

Your weekly visits are as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to more than one old 'Liberty' subscriber. I am not on your list, but I have bought every issue from the beginning at Laukhuff's Bookshop, and when it is an extra usable number, an extra copy or two for lending. I think you will enjoy this plaint from a country editor—whether he is really becoming disillusioned or not is uncertain. 'Hope springs eternal,' and he may be only a heart-sick liberal. You are printing the most influential weekly in America, in my opinion.

After all, it is the silly season only for silly people. The *Freeman* gets through the summer without brass bands and Hot-Weather-Brand A.P. news because it manages to remain pretty much what its admirers say it is. The temperature will not deter us from printing next week, among other good things, Mr. Geroid Robinson's account of the Russian Church, the growth of its alliance with the State, its disestablishment, its career under the Soviet Government, and Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's essay on Saint Jane Frances de Chantal.

Having quoted so much praise of the *Freeman* we may as well add a little more, especially in view of Mrs. Colum's contribution to this number. We accord the last word to a lady—Miss Frances Newman—who writes in the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*. Referring to several well-known critics, she says:

If these gentlemen read such reviews as Mrs. Colum's in the *Freeman* . . . surpassed in the English language only by the difficult Miss Rebecca West, it is hard to see how they escape inferiority complexes and the determination to smarten up their prose a bit.